

Nothing beats a
Baby Burco
5 Gallon Electric Detergent
for the small wash

GIRMAN'S Showroom: Gloucester Arcade

CHINA MAIL

Established 1845

DAILY SERVICE TO TOKYO

PAR AMERICAN

No. 37382

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1959.

Price 30 Cents

Comment Of The Day

FLOODS IN THE SUBWAY

THAT was some lake in the Star Ferry subway yesterday. A little more than two months after its opening it accumulated almost enough water to float a sampan in a two-hour downpour that was remarkable, but not uncommon in Hongkong. We recall that in May two years ago a rainfall of more than 11 inches was recorded in one 24-hour period. And there have been a few occasions when it has exceeded this. According to Government figures the cause of the flooding which forced the subway to be closed down, was not the rain alone, but choked drains.

Is it reasonable to suppose that this might happen again? The subway has been the subject of criticism ever since it was proposed by Government. Readers warned on a number of occasions that it would become unusable in heavy rain and typhoons. Then there was the problem of draining the site before the ramps could be put down during the building of the subway. This was overcome finally only after much patience and pushing.

It is not the time now to ask whether an overhead bridge would have been better than a subway. The original contract for the subway was more than \$2 million, a fairly expensive project when it is remembered that it is just a traffic flow aid. But one assurance that does seem necessary is that the scenes which our photographer witnessed yesterday are not going to be repeated at regular intervals through the summer, that the drains are capable of ensuring a dry passage in the heaviest of storms, or if not that it can be suitably modified to meet all "normal" emergencies. The experts should also explain how it happened that such a large volume of water cascaded down the ramp of the subway from the seaward side. Because if this was the result of a downpour yielding only three inches in two hours, how is it going to stand up to the kind of rains that fell two years ago?

FURTHER OUTLOOK SHOWS NO CHANGE RESERVOIRS HAVE BIG GAIN

HK Gets Another 4 Inches

Hongkong again got a drenching this morning when almost four inches of rain fell between 6 a.m. and 10 a.m.

Heavy thunderstorms broke over the Colony just before dawn, a repetition of the Colony's weather pattern in the last 35 hours.

The rain considerably boosted Hongkong's water supply. Yesterday storage was 4,340 million gallons and today it was about 5,815 million gallons.

Despite the heavy downpour this morning, the Star Ferry subway was dry.

But the Star Ferry course near the subway ramp was submerged and a deep 10-ft long trench had been chopped through the fancy paving from the junction of the drains to the sea walls.

This followed the choking of the drains and the flooding of the subway yesterday.

It is not known whether the trench foreshadows modifications to the drainage system or is merely a temporary arrangement until the drainage is working normally again. The lashing rain caused the usual amount of minor traffic hold-ups.

Low Pressure

A Royal Observatory spokesman said this morning that the low pressure trough moved north of the Colony during yesterday evening, but moved south again during the night.

The spokesman said the trough should remain close to Hongkong throughout the day. The rain will cease for some time during the afternoon and evening, but the weather is expected to remain unsettled for at least the next 24 hours.

"There is no sign of an early change to really fine weather," the spokesman added.

The Fire Brigade were called out twice during the morning to extinguish small electrical fires. The first was in Central District and the other at the Upper Aberdeen Reservoir.

Neither was serious. On the mainland, a minor landslide at the 15½ milestone on the Castle Peak Road caused traffic to be cut down to single-lane.

The bus service to Sai Kung Village in the New Territories has had to be suspended. The Sai Kung Road (Hiram's Highway), is now restricted to light vehicles and private cars.

Where Is Margaret?



A jostling, shouting mob of photographers and about 200 others who had eluded the police cordon swarmed on to the tarmac at Lisbon's Portela Airport for the arrival of Princess Margaret.

About 4,000 Portuguese

cheered from behind the barricades, but the tarmac battle was so bad that when police finally cleared her way to her car, she had to drive straight off—leaving behind the 30-odd V.I.P.s to whom she should have been introduced.

She arrived back in London yesterday after her six-day visit to Portugal. The Princess left Lisbon yesterday morning by air and stopped for lunch at Biarritz, the resort on the southwestern coast of France.

On arrival in London the Princess, who was wearing a white summer coat and a pink and white floral hat, drove away in her car accompanied by a giant bouquet of red roses which had been carried off the plane by a footman.

BORGINNE'S DIVORCE Changed Dress To Cover Beatings Wife Says

Santa Monica, Calif. June 12.

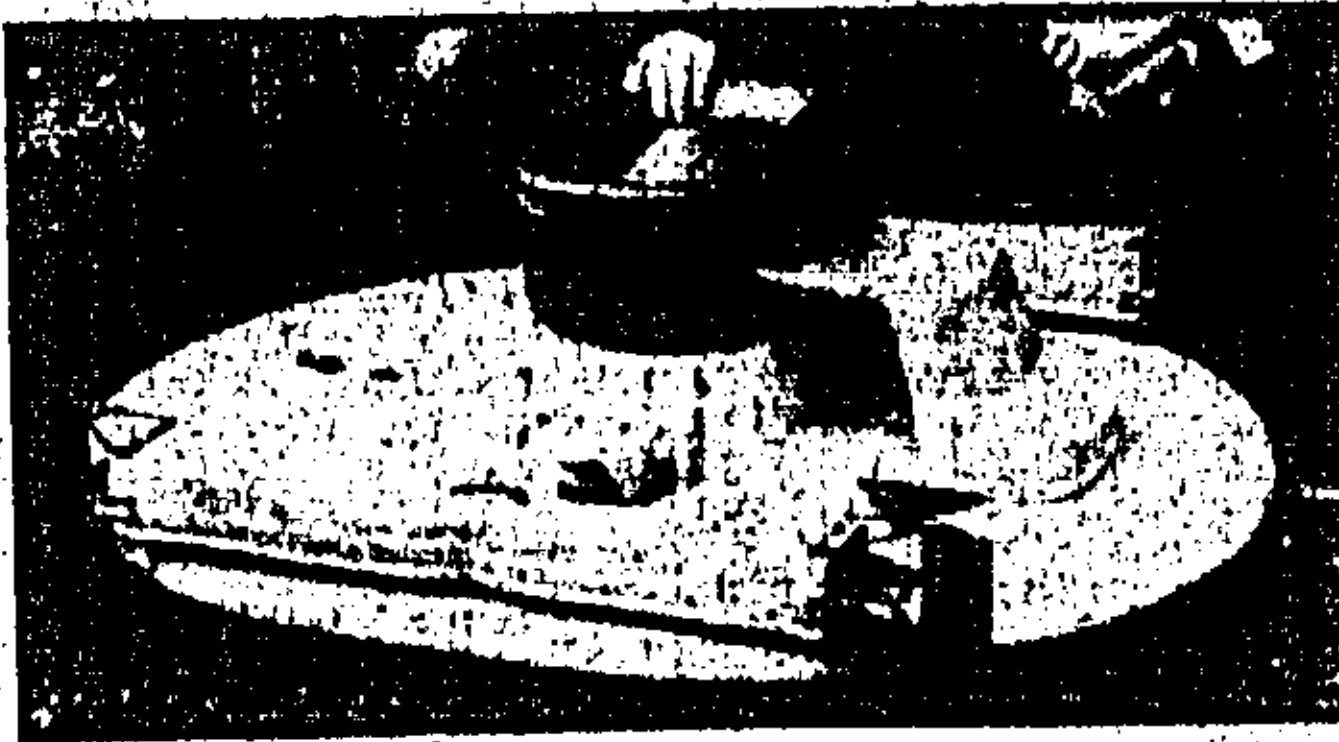
Actor Ernest Borgnine's wife charged today that she had to change the style of the dress she wore at the academy awards presentations at which her husband received an "Oscar," so that marks from his beatings wouldn't show.

Mrs. Rhoda Borgnine made the charge in a petition filed in superior court seeking to get aside an interlocutory divorce decree she received last August 29. She also charged in the petition that actress Katy Jurado was a "home wrecker."

She said Borgnine had a morbid fear of spilling their daughter Nancy, 7, but had threatened never to see Nancy again until she signed the divorce paper.

Judge Edward R. Brand set June 20 for a hearing on the petition. UPI.

SPEED TESTS FOR 'SAUCER'



A model of the 'saucer'

Cowes, June 12.

Britain's "Flying Saucer" Hovercraft began a serious training programme today following its successful public demonstration yesterday.

Saunders-Roe test pilot Peter Lamb took it out for about 90 minutes and reported performance was even better than expected.

Lieutenant-Commander Lamb cut out the engine to see what would happen, if the engine failed. The four-ton Hovercraft floated safely on to the surface of the water.

In forward flight, it attained a speed of 25 knots. After exhaustive tests, the next step is likely to be a larger craft of 40 tons.

It was feared here today that the Hovercraft will be put on exhibition at the Farnborough Air Show this summer. It will be dismantled, transported by road, and reassembled at Farnborough. Reuter.

YUGOSLAV MINISTER DETAINED

Paris, June 12.

The Yugoslav Minister for Trade Unions, Mr. Misha Pavlovic, was detained for more than three hours by French police on his arrival at Orly airport here this afternoon from Belgrade, the Yugoslav Embassy reported here today.

Embassy officials said that Mr. Pavlovic, who came to Paris to attend the congress of the Communist Confederation of Labour (CFL), was released after the Embassy had lodged a "strong protest" against his arbitrary arrest with the French Foreign Ministry.

Foreign Ministry officials were not available for comment this evening. Reuter.

Lloyd Back

London, June 12.

Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd flew into London tonight from Geneva to report to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and the government on the Foreign Ministers Conference.

He told newsmen at London airport: "I think we have got to be patient. But we have got to be firm about essentials in our negotiations." UPI.

She Supplemented Her National Assistance

Widowed Mother Of Four Gets One Month

London, June 12.

A widowed mother of four children was ordered to gaol for one month today in the climax of one of the most bitterly criticised and tragedy-surrounded British court cases in years.

An appeals court today ordered that Mrs. Ethel Christos, a 39-year-old Greek Cypriot, must spend one month in gaol for fraudulently obtaining £220 from National Assistance.

The court reduced her original sentence by one month. But it still meant that Mrs. Christos must go to gaol.

Sewing

Recently in years has there been such an outburst of indignation over any one criminal case in British courts.

Mrs. Christos' crime was that she took in sewing in her home to supplement the allowance being given her by National Assistance. By law, outside earnings must be reported. Mrs. Christos did not report them.

She has four children. Three of them suffer from tuberculosis. She said that she decided to earn extra money by sewing in order to have more money to spend on her sick children.

When she was caught and sent for trial, she appeared before magistrate Geoffrey Rose, Rose, 66, sentenced her to two months in prison.

Stiffness

The stiffness of the sentence produced an unprecedented upsurge in London dock workers' solidarity. Other unions and church groups offered to finance her appeal.

Then the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, called the sentence "savage and inhuman." British newspapers took up the cry.

Then Magistrate Rose told his: "When the protests started, he said: 'I do not regret my decision. It was a painful one, but it was just. I did what I believed was right.'"

As the flood of protests increased, Rose died.

Today Mrs. Christos' appeal was heard. The court was told that Mrs. Christos' husband died in 1953, leaving her with four children now aged 15, 14, 11, and seven. It learned that Mrs. Christos admitted she took in outside work, although she had signed a form which had told her she must report it.

Reduction

It heard her statement that "I could not live on my National Assistance money and bring up four children." The court deliberated and then decided to reduce her sentence to one month.

Whole Car Wobbled!

Wimbledon, June 12.

Police stopped David Walder, 20, to tell him he had a wobbly wheel on his car.

They found the front bumper was wired to the flapping fenders; the driver's door was attached by string to rusty hinges; the windows were held in with putty; the whole car twisted when leaned on. UPI.

Britain's Gain

Washington, June 12.

Britain stands to gain \$11 million worth of immediate orders as a result of a United States ruling on imports of heavy electrical equipment made today.

The U.S. Government's Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization (OCDM) said that imports of turbines and other heavy electrical equipment posed no threat to national security. Reuter.

Wrong Port?

Rotterdam, June 12.

The 9,315-ton British motor ship Argosham arrived off the coast of Holland from Gibraltar, proceeded to the ship canal to the Rotterdam Docks, and discovered it was in the wrong port.

The cargo was destined for Kiel, Germany. The Argosham's on its way. UPI.

New Capital

Karachi, June 12.

The Pakistani Government today decided the country's capital should be shifted from Karachi to a new site near Rawalpindi in northwest Pakistan where a new capital city will be built close to the foothills of the Himalayan mountains. AFP.

It's new - The complete cooker -
It's supreme - The most exciting
cooker of all time!

THE
SEC
SUPREME
with EYE LEVEL DRILL

All the ultra modern
devices you want.
Extra big oven with
counter balanced drop-
down door.
Automatic timer and
a range of superspeed
controls with almost
any control. Large
aperture. No need
for a separate
lighting unit.
In flaming white with
chrome trim.



There are so many things to see

Such lovely things, both East and West:
Won't you fly there with me?

- * From HONG KONG to EUROPE every Sunday, Wednesday & Friday.
- * 7 nights a week to EUROPE from BOMBAY.
- * Choice of stopovers in CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, BEIRUT, DAMASCUS, CAIRO, ROME, PRAGUE, DUSSELDORF, ZURICH, GENEVA, PARIS.
- * 5 nights a week from HONG KONG to TOKYO.
- * Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- * Every First Class seat a full Stumbar.
- * Easy connections to cities all over the world.
- * Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comfort.

AIR INDIA International



BACARDI
Carta Blanca
RUM

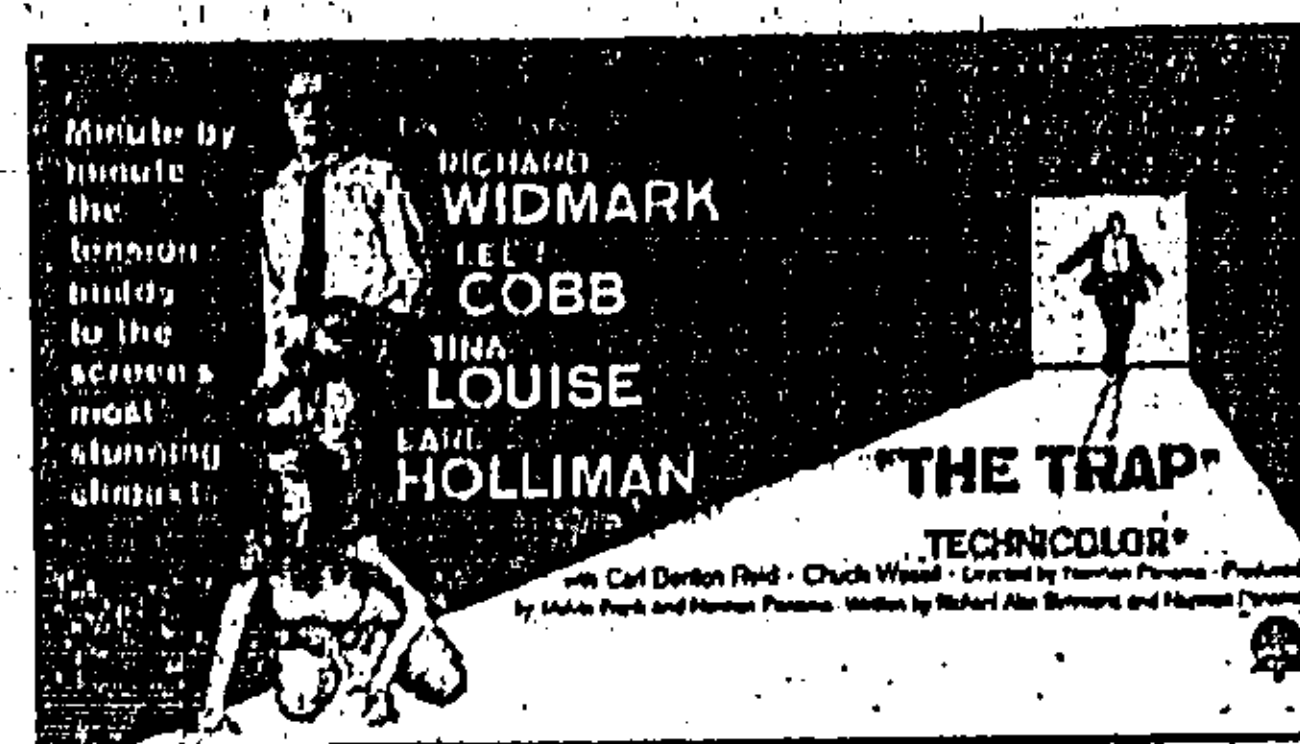


"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or
lemon) 2 dashes
Grenadine Syrup Shake
well with cracked ice
and strain.

Imported by
CALDERICK, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD.

KING'S PRINCESS

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY



PRINCESS

TO-DAY MATINEE SHOW

At 12.30 p.m.
Reduced PricesBob Hope • Fendel • Anita Ekberg in
"PARIS HOLIDAY" in CinemaScope • Technicolor

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★

NOW IT CAN
BE REVEALED—
THE CONTENTS
OF THE
SECRET FILE
CONTAINING
THE MOST
FANTASTIC
PLOT OF
WORLD
WAR TWO!WHEN HELL
BROKE LOOSECHARLES BRONSON • RICHARD JACQUEL • VIOLET RENSING
Produced by OSCAR BROOKLYN and SOL DOLAN. Screenplay by OSCAR BROOKLYN. A Paramount Release.

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

KING'S
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.
"U-I's WOODPECKER
COLOR CARTOONS"To-morrow At 12.15 p.m.
"PARIS HOLIDAY"
in CinemaScope & Color

Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.
"20TH CENTURY-FOX
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS"To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
Frank Sinatra • Tony Curtis in
"KINGS GO FORTH"

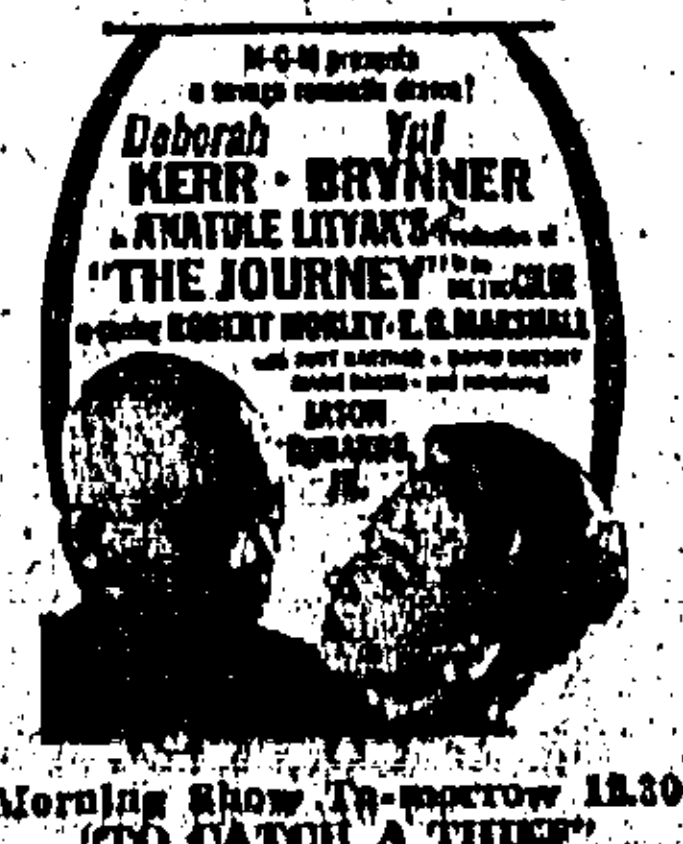
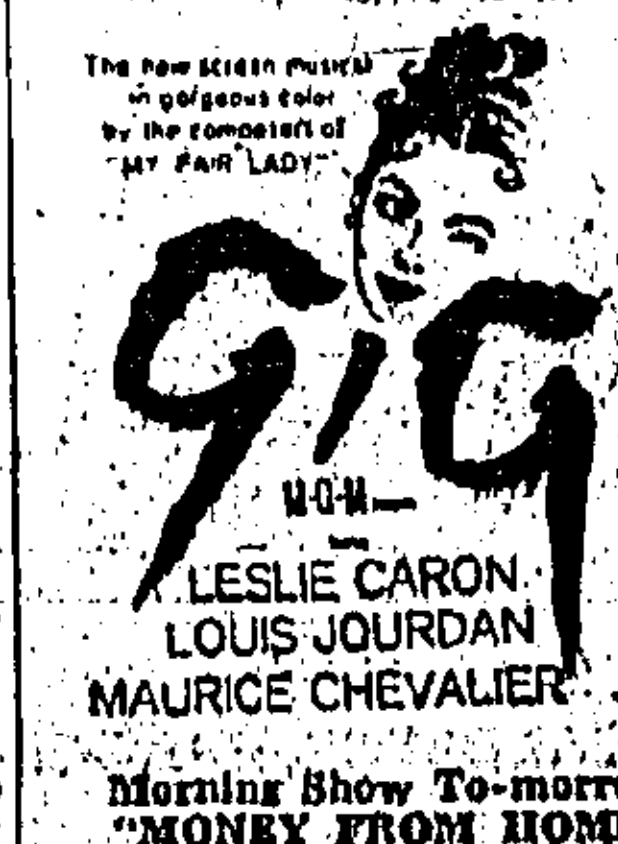
70 Cts., \$1.00 & \$1.50

At PRINCESS — FREE "GREEN SPOT" Cold Drinks To
Every Patron Of The Morning & Matinee Shows

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"I MOBSTER" At 12.15 p.m.To-morrow Morning Show • At Reduced Prices
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
20th Century-Fox presents
In CinemaScope & Color
"BOY ON A DOLPHIN"
Starring: Allan Ladd
Sophia Loren
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST
M-G-M
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
PROGRAMME

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

Due to length of films,
Please note change of times:
To-day: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.40
Leading Stars in a tempestuous
New Love Story with action!Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"TO CATCH A THIEF"Morning Show To-morrow
"MONEY FROM HOME"FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

EXACTLY 19 years ago to the day (that is as I am writing this) the Nazis were in full cry for Amsterdam. A British Army major and two Dutch patriots are shipped to Holland. Their job? To try and persuade the Amsterdam diamond merchants to hand over their jewels before the Nazis get them.

This is the incident which makes such an excellent film of "Operation Amsterdam" (Lee and Astor).

The film's interest because it is just another war film whereas it is really a first class idea for showing human interest.

It is a matter of history that Amsterdam was flattened by bombers; but few know that during it all a destroyer wriggled through the minefield, and that a British officer played the hunter and the hunted against such a background.

Eva Bartok gives a good performance as a Dutch girl. Tony Britton, Alexander Knox and Peter Finch are stern faced and on top of the job all the time. No doubt the real facts are pepped up a bit, but there is that quick-breathed excitement all the time as the patriots first make it with a few seconds to spare.

The producer has tried to give us the lot. The pathetic refugees; the terror bombings; the stark brutality; and now and again a touching scene such as that in which Milekoff keeps representing the diamond houses, sums up the situation.

An exciting film; one more or less true; a reminder of what really happened and happens when war descends upon the innocent.

★ ★ ★

"THE MATING GAME"

(Hoover and Galt) is about the best laugh the English have given the Americans since the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Most British film fans will know the story under its home title, "The Darling Buds of May," which concerns itself with a zany family on a farm in Kent. "The Mating Game" is the same set-up except the farm is transported to Maryland.

The important thing is the humour is left intact; the laugh is on bureaucracy; and the butt of the author's wit is stupidity in high places.

Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall, and Paul Douglas, are the stars, with Fred Clark and Una Merkel assisting in taking the rise out of the U.S. Internal Revenue Department.

The main point of the plot is, Paul Douglas has never paid income tax; he lives by a form of barter, so tax investigator Tony Randall is sent by Fred Clark to sort out the mess.

Debbie Reynolds, as a kind of farm girl sophisticate, fills the role very well. Many will consider this her best performance.

Fred Clark maintains his standard as one of the best supporting players in filmland universal.

Tony Randall has a part made to measure as the tax investigator who is driven almost mad trying to turn barter into taxable profit. For instance, question: "What did you pay for that ice-box?"

"I dunno, I guess I gave a bone and an old pump for it."

Question: "How much would you say the pump was worth?"

And so on. Result: complete collapse of tax investigator.

It is a light-hearted film, just suited to these hot lazy days when something not too deep yet full of fun is demanded.

Filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, it makes a light-hearted entertainment from beginning to end.

★ ★ ★

"I MOBSTER"

is an unusually good gangster film, reminiscent of such productions as "Scarface," of the thirties.

Showing at the Roxy and Broadway, it sets out to tell in violent action and crisp dialogue, the story of a hoodlum's rise to notoriety, and of his short anxious career terminated by a valley of lost.

The outstanding qualities of this film are: a good script with a very good dialogue; a fast moving picture never slowed up by peddling in action scenes; a subtle and believable plot which screens like an exposé.

Regarding the latter, I think it really sets out to expose that fearful organization, Murder Incorporated.

Speaking of the dialogue, a scene which is deliciously vulgar is when Grant Withers entertains his mob to celebrate



Peter Finch, Tony Britton, and Alexander Knox, land in Amsterdam, June 1940, with 12 hours to complete their mission. From the film, "Operation Amsterdam."

Steve Cochran's ascendancy to full membership, which he obtains by bumping off his first victim.

The hoodlums are drinking champagne and smoking cigars; they have reached the stage when feminine company is desirable.

There is no question of, "Shall we join the ladies?" rather does Grant Withers rise and announce, "Gentlemen, the bonds."

A door opens and in come trooping the hard faced, baby talking molls. The gangster philosophy is tersely explained: "Sometimes you've got to kill to live."

A particular ingrate is denounced; "The longer I live, the less I know about people."

This follows the unwelcome killing of a mobster who takes to dope. One becomes the more uneasy when one realizes that one is witnessing something that rings horribly true.

The carpet cleaning business which really covers the vicious practices of Murder Incorporated is almost a documentary on vice; one wonders how it remained so long in business when everyone knew so much about it.

The good influence for what it works is provided by Lita Milan. Cochran is in love with her, this is as far as a man who has to snatch for a gun every few minutes, is able to fall in love.

Robert Strauss as a mobster who postpones becoming the number one as long as he can, is likely to earn the fans' applause as the most convincing actor in a commendable cast.

The plot hinges on Steve Cochran being summoned before the Senate Rackets Committee in Washington, and in answer to the question, "When did you first become a mobster?"

The picture flashes back to his past. On the other side, there is a certain grim humour in hearing a hoodlum invoking the rights of the American Constitution in protecting his own worthless hide.

Admitted it is a gangster film, but never since the thirties has a film been made which portrays the kings of violence with such ruthless realism.

SCREEN BRIEFS

During her stay at Stratford-upon-Avon where she is starring in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Season, Dame Edith Evans—soon to be seen on the screen in the Associated British production "Look Back in Anger"—has rented a cottage for the summer.

Her landlord's name: Mr. W. H. Shakespeare.

This is the story of a Spanish fighting bull who, by a strange quirk of fate, was destined to live as a film star and not die in the bull ring.

When film producer George Brown went to Seville to make preparations for filming "Tommy the Torador" which stars Tony Steele, Janet Munro and Sidney James, he had to find a ferocious bull for certain sequences in the film, including the scenes where Tommy, as a matador, fights the bull.

George went to the cortijo ranch of Salvador Guardiola who for many years has bred some of the finest bulls in all Spain. There he selected a particularly fine black bull which for a year was filmed from all angles in the magnificent bull ring in Seville.

But here is the happy ending. This same bull will never be allowed to participate in a real bull fight. There is a tradition in Spain that fighting bulls allowed into a bull ring for any purpose must never return for a second do toros.

So when filming is completed on "Tommy the Torador" the bull will be returned to the cortijo of Signor Salvador Guardiola, there to spend his days in peace and quiet.

Tommy Steele stars with Janet Munro and Sydney James in "Tommy the Torador," a George H. Brown production in collaboration with Nat Cohen and Stuart Levy for release by Associated British-Pathe.

I suppose the Angry Young Man cult will soon hit Hong-kong hard. We have had a few "frightfully fierce" imports since the cult caught on in England, but two films will soon put the thing right in our laps.

First there is the film, the John Osborne "Look Back in Anger." Richard Burton plays Jimmy Porter, the shiftless rebel, who sees-saws between a nagging despairing attitude to life which almost drives his young wife, Mary Ure, to distraction, and a passionate fervour, equally unconvincing.

"No Trees in the Street" is the second of the kind. This film has the East End of London as its setting; time immediately before the Second World War. Stanley Holloway, Sylvia Syms, Joan Miller, Mervyn Dymally, Liam Redmond, and Herbert Lacey, form the first rate cast for this film.

Both "Look Back in Anger" and "No Trees in the Street" are Associated British Films, handled by Warner Bros. in Hong-kong.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

HELLER WITH A GUN, co-starring Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, is a Pont-Gros production in Technicolor.

Lee Astor

TEL. 7.130 TEL. 6.777

TO-DAY at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE at 11.00 A.M.
COLOUR CARTOONS
AT 12.30 P.M.
FRIENDLY
PERSUASION
ASTOR at 11.00 A.M.
COLOUR CARTOONS
AT 12.30 P.M.
ATTILA

STAR METROPOLE

RETURN ENGAGEMENT TO-DAY

BY POPULAR DEMAND

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!



EXTRA! EXTRA! At The STAR TO-MORROW
Free "VITASOY" To All Patrons
At Every Performance!

To-morrow Morning Show • At Reduced Prices
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
PARAMOUNT FOX

LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
Frederic MARCH Jeff MORROW
Claudette COLBERT Barbara LAWRENCE in
"SIGN OF THE CROSS" "KRONOS"
A Paramount Picture A Fox Picture

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Raising The 'Ugly Duckling'

Doctor's Advice To Parents

London. DOS and don'ts to parents for bringing up "the ugly duckling" in their family are given by Dr J. S. Coleman, Medical Officer of Health for East Ham (London) in the Woman Health Officer.

"Consider the toddler who discovers that he does not match up in physical attractiveness or intelligence to his brothers and sisters," he writes. "This problem is often forced on him by thoughtless parents who create the ugly duckling situation, and evoke the jealousy in our toddler."

Become Rude

"He may become rude and aggressive, and as he cannot direct his aggression against the source of his annoyance, possibly the beautiful new baby or the sturdy older brothers, he casts around for a substitute on which to vent his spite."

"This may be a harmless kitten he kicks or the little girl next door whose hair he pulls unmercifully."

"But blind fear may completely blacken his outgoing (savouring) aggression, which may turn inward and give rise to a variety of bizarre traits which battle and disturb the parents."

"Picking of the face or skin around the finger nails, head banging, nail-biting or hair pulling all arise in this way and are surely expressions of guilt as well as aggression in an unloved or repudiated toddler."

Dr Coleman says that inherent peculiarities in the child's emotional make-up were not often responsible for distressing psychological reactions.

Fault Lay

"More often the fault lay with lack of contentment in the home, or unsuitable or unwise management by unseeing or unthinking parents or adults."

"The only child of struggling class-conscious parents (the social climbers of yesterday) is often stranded early in life high and dry on the lonely banks of the easy flowing river of community life."

"Emotionally he is still tied to his over-protective, over-protecting parents. Intellectually he is too advanced to splash and swim with his peers in the somewhat murky but accommodating stream. His early isolation has so hemmed around his life that he is unable to live with other children and well knows he only exists without them."

China Mail Special.

Needed Steadying. Leicester. Police congratulated Harry Woodford when he swerved his car to avoid a woman who had darted into the road. But the incident shocked 64-year-old Woodford and he stopped for a brandy. Other drinks followed. Woodford lost his licence and was fined £8 for drunken driving.—UPI.

'Ain't They Cute,' Says Christine



Winner of the Daily Express organised competition for choosing names for the London Zoo's two three-month-old Syrian bear cubs, Mrs Elcott, chose eastern names — Rashid and Pasha. Mrs Elcott got her £5 prize and her three daughters got a special visit to the bears. At the Zoo — Christine, 7, Joyce, 10 and Elaine Elcott, 4, with Rashid and Pasha.—Express Photo.

Music, Plays And Talks 20,000ft Up

Johannesburg. BECAUSE a South African businessman became bored on a flight between Johannesburg and London 12 months ago, South African Airways will soon become one of the first in the world to provide music and radio programmes for their passengers in flight.

The businessman is Solomon Rissen of Johannesburg. He has devised a tape recorder which will play for up to 40 hours, and has obtained the rights to several programmes of music, plays and talks.

Officials of the SAA say their Viscount and DC-7B aircraft are at present being wired to make use of Rissen's system. The first planes using it should be in operation in July.

Each passenger in the aircraft will be connected to the tape recorder by an individual set of earphones. Thus anyone who doesn't want to listen, doesn't have to. The programme will be interspersed with brief "commercials"—one means by which SAA hopes to keep itself out of the red.

It was understood that several other international airlines are expressing interest in the scheme. They are expected to take action after the system has been proved by SAA.—UPI.

TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20
6.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.
DANNY KAYE in
'KNOCK ON WOOD'
in CinemaScope-Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

COAL TAR YIELDS NEW MERCY DRUG

London. TWO American doctors have discovered a new pain-killing drug which is 10 times more powerful than morphine. And the secret lay in coal.

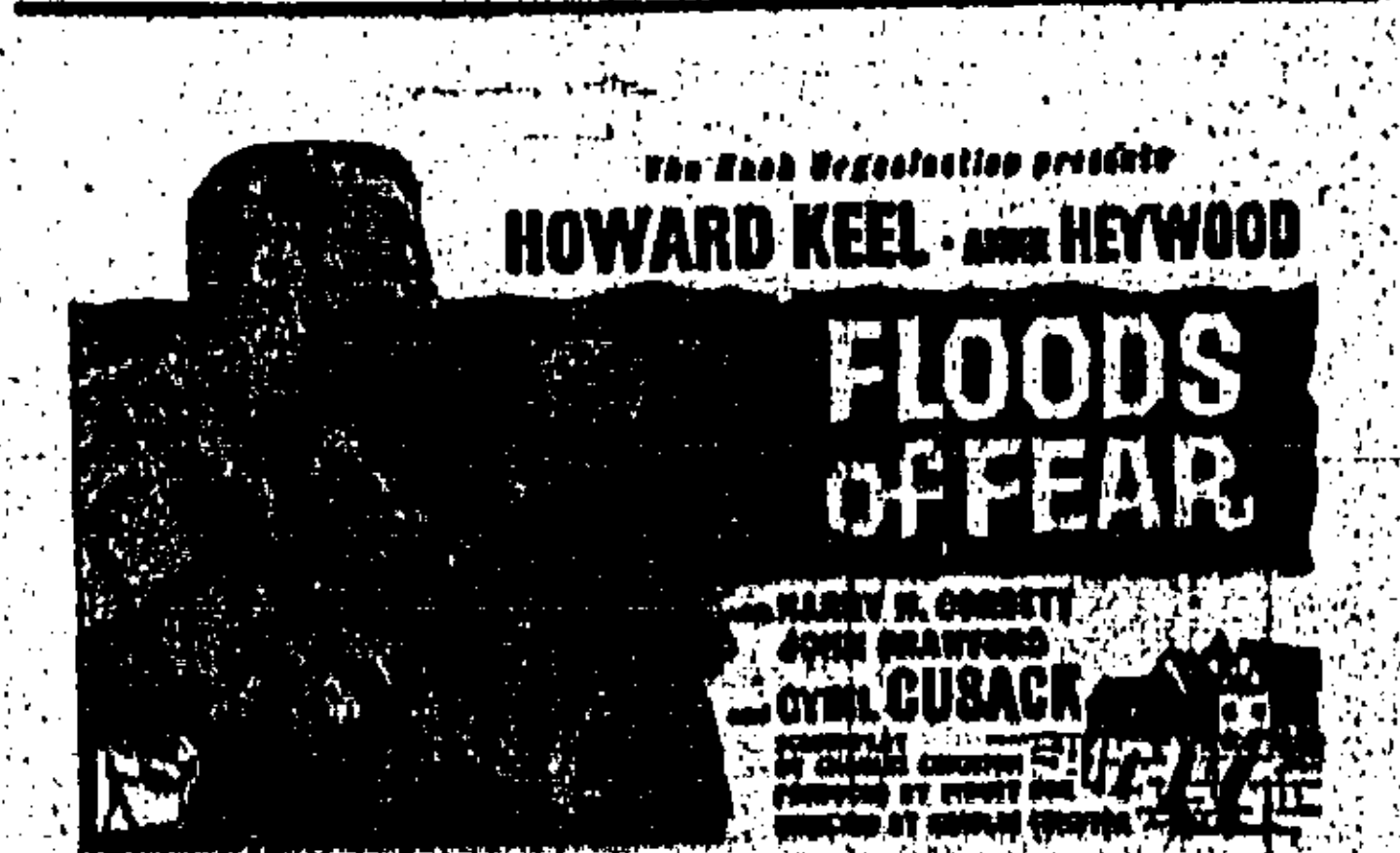
Moon Said To Be Free Of Rust

Chicago. SCIENCE has done it again.

For what comfort it may be to tidy space cadets and pioneer housewives, a metal-hurricane group here has announced that on the moon, metal won't rust, silver never tarnishes and bronze can't turn green.

A space-age "rust index" shows that on earth, up to 15 years of moisture, wind, corrosive gases, sunlight and salt water will corrode a steel panel the size of a license plate. And presumably anything else rustable.

Rust ratio, they say, is 0.0 for the moon, which lacks wind, moisture and free oxygen.—UPI.



COMING TO THE LEE & ASTOR

'Spooks Persuaded Old Lady'

London. SPIRITUALIST Jesse John Hunt was accused of using "spooks" called "Morace," "Alfred," and "Michael" to persuade an 80-year-old woman to leave him the bulk of her £20,000 estate.

In the probate court, 78-year-old Hunt sought probate of the will of Mrs Sarah Ann Harden, which left him her house and money for its upkeep.

CHARLATANRY

Mrs Harden's daughter, Miss Betty Mary Brown, opposed the probate, and claimed that Hunt "by trickery and charlatanism" used undue influence on the old woman to change the will in his favour.

Miss Brown became suspicious and eavesdropped at one of the seances. She heard "an unnatural booming voice" telling Mrs Harden to leave the house to her dear friend Mr Hunt and to take all her affairs out of the hands of her lawyers.—UPI.

Pigeons' Homing Instinct Traps Thieves

Obermannstadt. THE instincts of five homing pigeons helped a judge convict three youngsters of theft.

The three youngsters—all of them minors—were fined 30 to 100 marks (115/42 to \$144) for the theft of the pigeons. "They pleaded not guilty and claimed they had bought them from a local breeder in the market. But when police set the pigeons free, they headed straight for the dwellings of the plaintiff."

This, the judge ruled, was ample evidence for finding the defendants guilty.—UPI.

Wanted To Be Saved

Home. Police reported they saved the life of Roberto Proietti here after he telephoned them and cried: "Help, my wife has committed suicide."

He told police they as soon as he felt he was "dying" it occurred to him. Police said he was rushed to a hospital for a momentary respite. An overdose of sleeping pills and put under observation.—UPI.

What makes a woman magnetic?



Helena Rubinstein real Silk Face Powder

HELENA RUBINSTEIN created real Silk Face Powder from pure atomised silk — because skin and silk have a natural affinity. Both are living substances strongly magnetic to each other. That is why real Silk Face Powder has a cling that simply cannot be equalled! AND for dry skins — Helena Rubinstein's Silk Face Powder Special — formulated to retain moisture, cling longer. Real Silk Face Powder comes in 9 flattering skin-tones, including enchanting new Bed of Roses.

Free Consultations:

Salon d'OR

Specialists in

Helena Rubinstein BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

103, Yu To Sang Bldg., Queen's Rd., C. Tel: 21417

BUSY PEOPLE EVERYWHERE



choose the EASIER-WRITING Parker T-Ball

Wise mother! Her busy day leaves no time for struggling with balky, hard-to-start ballpoints. That is why she prefers the wonderful Parker T-Ball... the new ballpoint that starts instantly, writes smoothly on all normal surfaces, carries up to five times greater ink supply.



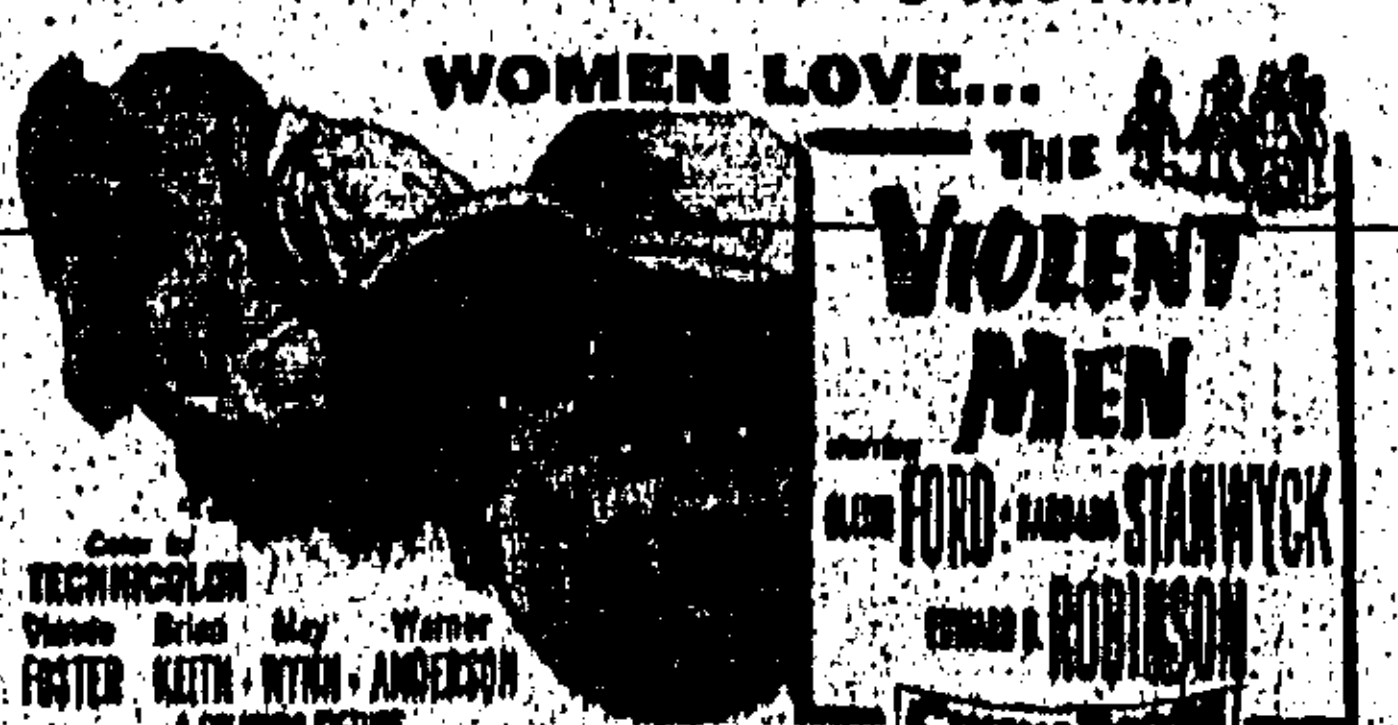
PARKER'S EXCLUSIVE POROUS BALL. Ink flows around the ball and also penetrates the thousands of tiny cells... thus assuring an always-ready ink supply at the writing point.

Parker T-Ball Ballpoint

A PRODUCT OF THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Sole Agents: SHIRIRO (CHINA) LIMITED

CAPITOL SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
6.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.00 P.M. M.G.M. 'CARTOONS' COLOR
At 12.30 P.M. James STEWART in 'NAKED SPUR'

HONOLULU BAR & RESTAURANT
DRINKS FOOD DANCING
Price — Service
Satisfaction Guaranteed
FROM 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M.
2 BRISTOL AVENUE, KUALA LUMPUR

Paramount
RESTAURANT & NIGHT CLUB
★ FLOOR ★ SHOWS ★ NIGHTLY ★

Lunch \$5.00
Business Lunch \$3.50

COCKTAIL LOUNGE
EAT TO YOUR
HEART'S CONTENT
COLD TABLE BUFFET
With Coffee \$5.00

Music by "Marty"
at the Hammond Organ

TO-NIGHT
1st Show: 10.45 p.m.
2nd Show: 12.15 a.m.

THE SUGAR BABA REVUE
with 7 beautiful Girls
The BIGGEST
Floorshow in Town!

CONTINUOUS MUSIC
For Your
Intimement Pleasure
"MARTY" at the
HAMMOND ORGAN

GIANCARLO
A HIS ITALIAN COMEDY
Hi-Fi "Echo System"

COCKTAIL LOUNGE
PIANO-BAR
Featuring
"MARTY" at the
HAMMOND ORGAN

For Your
Drinking Pleasure!
OPEN TILL 2 A.M.

WINDSON HOUSE
111, ZOUH ROAD, C.
TEL. 23496
33497

THE MUSIC SOCIETY
OF HONG KONG
presents

WALTER HAUTZIG
PIANO RECITAL
(RETURN VISIT)

on
FRIDAY, JUNE 19th — 5.30 P.M.

at
PARAMOUNT RESTAURANT
6th Floor, Windsor House.

BOOKINGS AT CHINA ENGINEERS LTD.
Alexandra Arcade. Tel. 34116
Tickets at \$10, \$8, \$5 & \$3
(discount to members)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



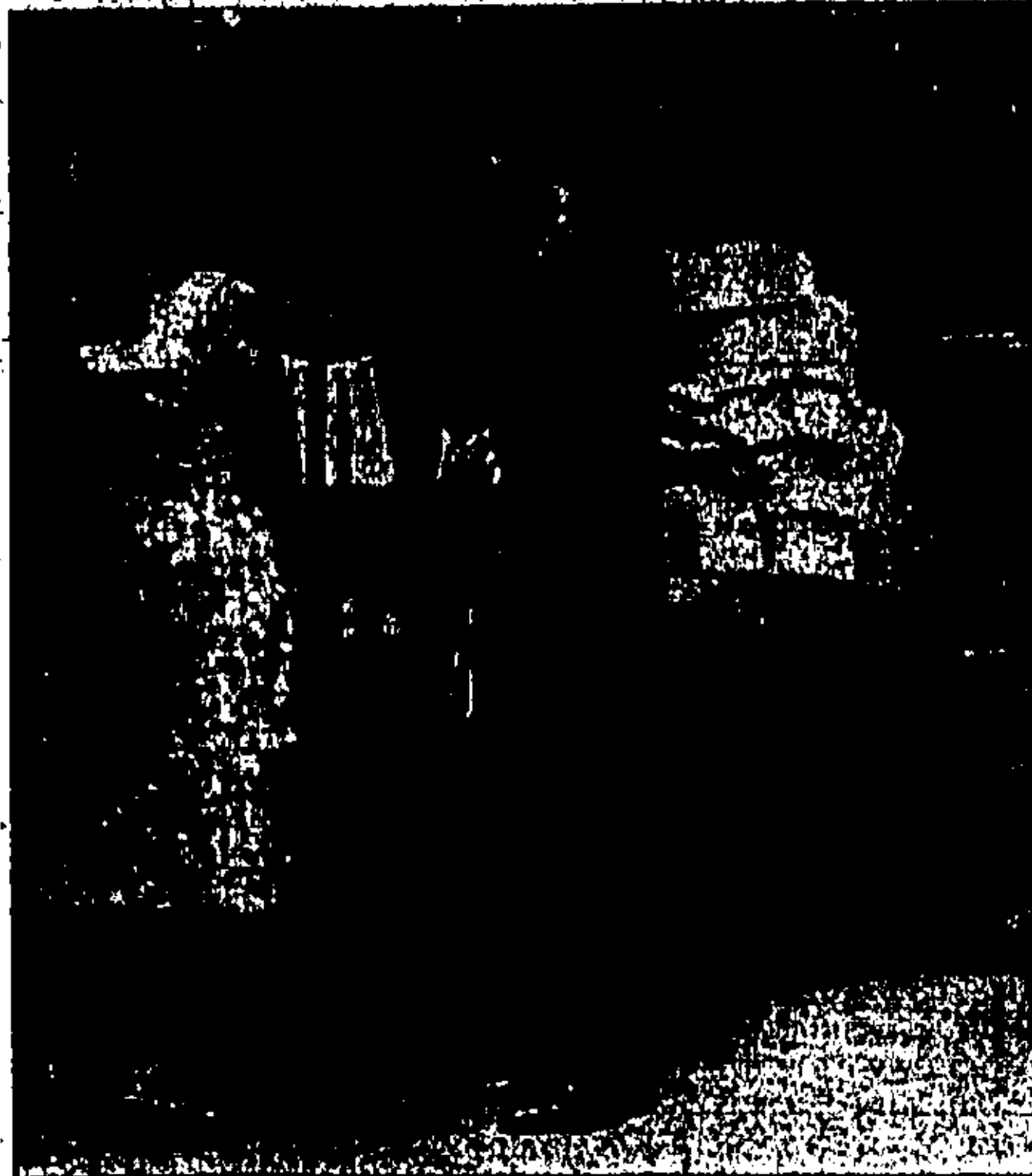
ABOVE: At the invitation of the Family Planning Association, three women doctors from the USSR are in London on a study visit. Mainly they will be concerned with British methods of disseminating birth control information. From left, they are: Dr Galina Ilyinskaya, Professor Margarita Zakharova, and Dr Ariadna Sinyukova.



RIGHT: Since the Cannes Film Festival, actress Kim Novak and the Aly Khan have been constant companions. Recently, she flew in to London with her parents, to be Aly's guest at the Dorby. She admitted: "We have been staying at Aly's village on the Riviera," but claimed: "I am not in love with him. I have never been in love. If I had I would have married."



RIGHT: Chelsea artist Peter Shill, 28, recently sent a get-well message to the London Clinic—to tell actress Kay Kendall, recovering there from pneumonia contracted in Paris, that his portrait of her is ready for collection. She should have been cheered up, for she's already had a sneak preview of the portrait, which she told friends was "simply wonderful and exciting."



ABOVE: Richard Gerald Long, 30, has an odd history for a man who is the heir of the third Viscount Long. On National Service his highest rank was corporal; after being demobbed he became a paint salesman; and today he's a familiar figure in the market-places of Wiltshire and Dorset—selling men's clothes, with, at present, a special line in slacks.

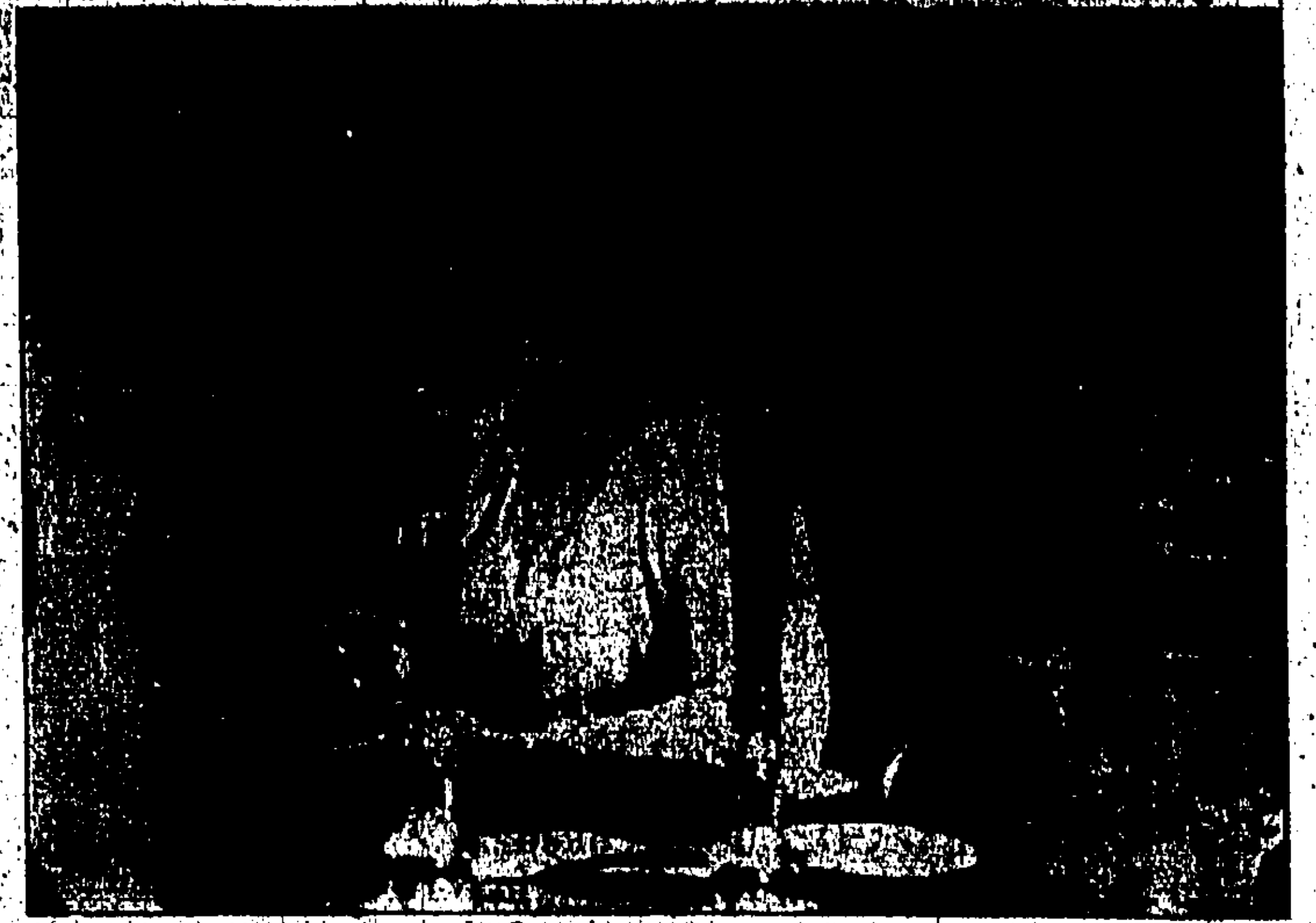
BELOW: Living in a £3 10s a week flat in Bayswater is an actress who turned down the "natural" part of Anne Frank in the London production of the play. "Natural" because she went to school with the tragic Dutch girl, and herself hid in the same street, giving herself up after the capture of her mother, father and sisters. She is actress Ellen Bluth, and one of 900 survivors of the 16,000 inmates of Westerbork concentration camp.



RIGHT: At the end of his six-day visit to Britain, King Olav of Norway recently went to Richmond, Yorkshire to visit the depot of the Green Howards infantry regiment, of which he is colonel-in-chief. Here, King Olav is cheered by Norwegians from Liverpool who had come to Richmond to see him.

RIGHT BELOW: M. Soustelle, French Minister for Atomic Energy and Sahara Development, arrived in London recently. Picture shows M. Soustelle (left) with Viscount Kilmuir, Lord Chancellor, who gave a luncheon in his honour at Carlton House.

LEFT: Strolling down a London street go three girls from Texas—collecting a stare from every passer-by. But their costumes—and those of their fellow members of the dramatic society of Howard Payne College, collected even bigger stares recently when they opened at Coventry with a Texas-style version of Shakespeare—played in cowboy dress with a Western background, and even Western tunes to the Shakespearean tunes.



ABOVE: Up in London for the day, honeymooners Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor help prop up the bar in a friendly West End pub—and apart from the barman, the tracking photographer, and occasionally a rather more perspicacious drinker, nobody takes any notice.

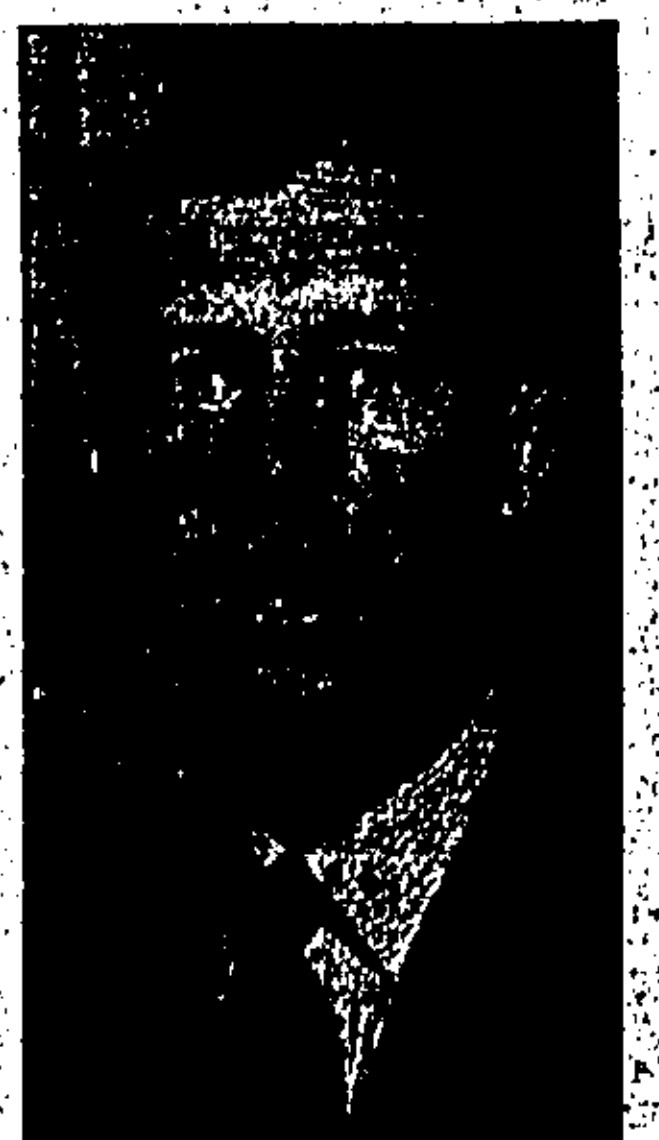
★ ★ ★



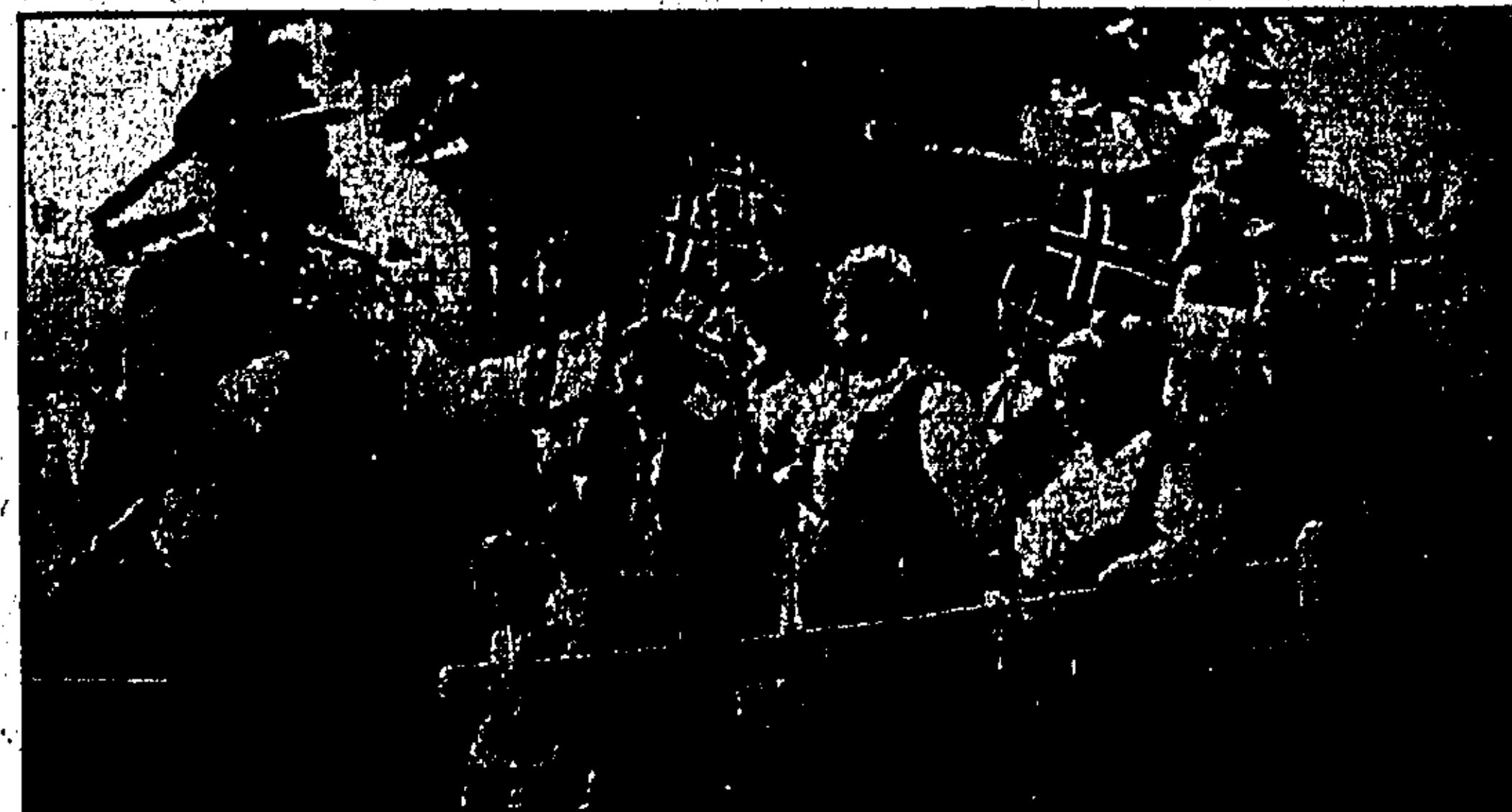
ABOVE: David Kwan, 22-year-old Chinese-Malayan, who is walking around the world in ten years, has arrived in London. David began his journey on May 4, 1957, with 10 Malayan dollars, a camera, a watch and a big smile. He has lived by doing all manner of jobs. His long walk has, so far, taken him across Siam, Burma, Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Germany and France.



BELOW: Barry Keble is 17. Barbara Lucas is 16. Recently Barry and Barbara went to Southend register office for the ceremony that will make them man and wife, with their parents' full approval. Barry spotted Barbara at Southend Airport two years ago. She spotted him too, and, they still claim, it was love at first sight.



ABOVE: Sir Denis Allen, at present deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, who has been appointed first deputy Commissioner for South-East Asia with the lapsing of the office of Governor of Singapore. Under Singapore's new Constitution, the Queen's representative is known as the Yang di-Pertuan Negara. A U.K. Commissioner represents Britain's interests. At present Sir William Goode holds both these positions. In December the post of Yang di-Pertuan Negara will be taken over by a Malayan. Sir William's successor will take over as U.K. Commissioner. The Commissioner will have two deputies, one for Singapore, the other for the rest of his territory.

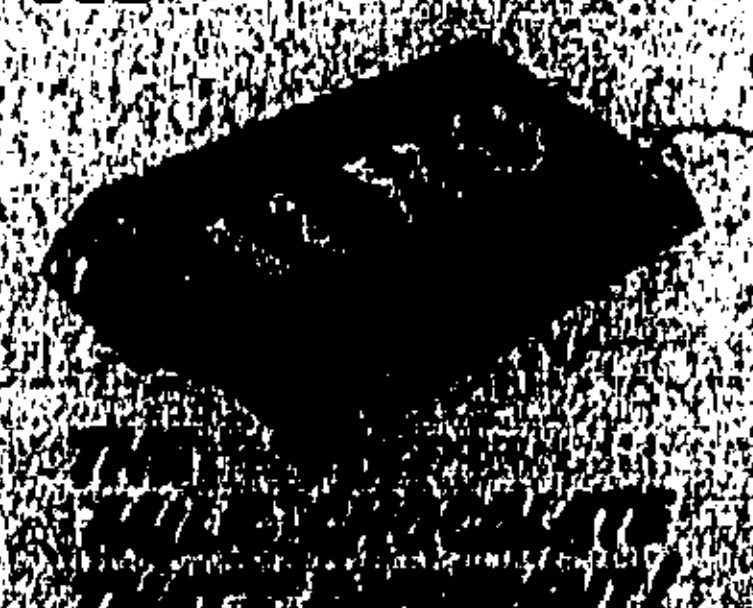


NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREE'S



DID IT HAPPEN?

IN India there is far more to railway thieving than merely knocking off a suitcase from an unwary traveller on a station platform—although there is plenty of that sort of skulduggery too. Working the trains is more than a profession; like Thugger in the old days, it is almost a religion.

Train thieves or "ghari-dacots" live in camps in the jungle. They are dedicated to their job at a very early age and they bring to it a carefully studied modus operandi worthy of a better cause.

Their gazelle-eyed children lip songs to you from the side of the track at the frequent and infuriating stops. Indian trains make miles from nowhere, holding out pathetic, supplicating little hands and thanking you prettily for such alms as you may throw them from the carriage window.

Mental notes

They also make mental notes of the more opulent dressing-cases and silver-plated lunchcon baskets that one tends to see when the white man bore his burden up-country. They pass these notes to "khabar-wallahs" (news-bearers) who travel in third-class compartments. The khabar-wallahs send their collected intelligence ahead of them up the line to the actual operatives. How? Don't ask me. That is one of the secrets we never learned in the four hundred years of our association with the sub-continent. Probably by the same means that told in Calcutta bazaars of the outbreak of the Mutiny in Meerut, a hundred years ago, within minutes of its happening.

The operatives always worked at night. They stripped themselves mother-naked and smeared themselves from head to foot with cheetah-fat. This pomade served a double purpose. It prevented anyone discovering them from getting a grip on them, and the smell of cheetah in any form whatsoever, will reduce the stoutest-hearted dog to quivering, craven silence—which was the explanation one gave to indignant, incredulous travellers mulcted of their all when they cried:

"But how the devil could they have robbed me? I had my bull-terrier in the compartment. He'd tear an intruder to pieces."

Silent ghosts

They used to board the train on inclines, where it had to stop up, like silent black ghosts—climb on to the couplings and then on to the roots of the carriages—drop down on to the running board opposite the selected compartment—jimmy the window catches of the venetian slats with the knife teeth, and slide in.

Chokras, or apprentices, chose times when the occupants were



I heard with relief his knife tinkle to the floor.

THE WHITE DACOIT

by Berkely Mather

along in the dining car, but the real expert worked when the traveller was asleep. I should explain that all first- and second-class compartments on Indian trains make up into no corridors. Passengers wishing to dine have to alight at one of the stops I have mentioned and walk along the track to the diner and then regain their places at a subsequent stop.

Once inside the compartment, the thief worked quickly and purposefully. He moved everything portable to the door, slumped it neatly, opened the door, pushed it out and then jumped. They always knew where to jump—or almost always.

Only once have I known of one to misjudge it—and hit a stone culvert. All in all, looking back, it is perhaps just as well he did—given his own point of view.

We were returning from leave, Pelligrow and myself, and we boarded the Punjab Mail at Victoria terminus, Bombay. We knew all about train thieves, both having been stung before—Pelligrow once myself twice. We put our faith in bull-terriers or bird-shot-loaded 12 bores but in little wooden wedges that we

stap viciously and swiftly—and their knives are eighteen inches of razor-sharp wickedness.

Then, I saw him. We must have passed a lone signal at that moment and there was just enough glimmering reflected light from its lamp for me to make out a figure lunched over the heavy uniform case by the



opposite door. I am no hero—but both his hands were occupied, so I jumped and bellowed at the same time.

I heard with relief his knife tinkle to the floor. He fought like a panther and it was then that I first realised the efficacy of the cheetah fat. It was impossible to grip him anywhere—but he, on the other hand, was at no such disadvantage and I felt his fingers go round my throat like twin vices, but the noise had now awakened Pelligrow and he came into action like a charging hippo and his fourteen stone carried the day. We just bore the dacoit down by sheer brute weight and sat on him—and then I managed to reach out for the light-switch.

What would your reactions be if you saw the vicar dance in through your drawing-room door—stark-naked and brandishing a knife?

Exactly. That's just how we felt, although I was selling-grew who actually put it so picturesquely.

The train thief was a white man. Naked, grease-daubed and shaved—but still unmistakably, a white man.

We got the straps from a leather case twisted round his wrists and ankles and then we sat back and just gawped. I thought about Indian albinos—but that wasn't the answer. This man was stocky and rugged and middle-aged and he would have been out of place in a pit-head bath—or the changing room of the Bath Club. His first words dispelled any lingering doubts, anyhow.

Modest toll

"Sorry, chaps," he said. "Army, I see. I usually only levy my modest toll on civilians. Ah, well—Jhansi in half an hour, and the police there are swine. Could I trouble you for a cigarette?"

I glanced at Pelligrow. The same thing occurred to us both like a flash. McQuade, the white dacoit. Cashedier at the end of the 1914-18 war for theft—and a glib native. His exploits were legendary—and, like legends, largely pure moonshine. In fact many doubted his existence.

We gave him a cigarette—and because the straps were cutting his wrists cruelly, we loosened him on his giving us his word that he wouldn't try any nonsense.

That was foolish. He cross-bitted us, both as I was handing the cigarette to him and Pelligrow was, striking a match and he dived for the door from which the uniform case had now been moved—and we heard the ghastly thud above the rattling roar of the wheels as he hit the culvert.

We reported it at Jhansi since the communication cord didn't seem to be working, and the police went down the line—but they never found him—only the unmistakable mark where he had hit the stones. His friends must have found him and borne him into the silent jungle, for even in death the ghari-dacots stuck together.

We were rather glad.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above.
(The answer is on Page 18)
(London Express Service)

Logan Gourlay

WHO KNOWS AND TELLS IN HIS UNMISTAKABLE WAY

I INTEND... I insist... that this week I write about a boxing promoter. If you're surprised I must point out that this column is meant to be about people—all kinds of people. And, whatever you think about boxing promoters, they are people.

Introducing, therefore, at a comfortable middle-aged poundage Mr Harry Levene, otherwise known in mock Runyonese as Harry the Hoarse, or Flash Harry.

He is now one of the two leading boxing promoters in the whole of the Commonwealth. This is confirmed by my colleague Desmond Hackett who is, of course, the No. 1 expert on these matters.

It is not confirmed by Mr Jack Solomons. But then Mr Jack Solomons, as the other leading promoter, is heavily prejudiced.

No contest

When I met Harry the Hoarse in a West End restaurant I let him do the talking. I hadn't much choice.

He is probably hoarse because he has been talking non-stop for years around the ringsides and dressing-rooms. His hoarseness now has a rich timbre compounded of cigar smoke, resin, and old gum shields.

He said: "I don't want to whip up a contest with Solomons. I don't talk to him and he doesn't talk to me. That suits me fine."

"Somebody once quoted me as saying that I was in the boxing business when he was still in fish. I don't remember saying a thing like that. And I'm not saying it now."

"I've only been a full-time promoter for about five or six years, but I learned all about the business before the war when I was a manager."

Looking at the nose of Harry the Hoarse, which spreads over his homely face like a punctured punch bag, I did not have to ask him how he had started his career in boxing.

Championship

"Sure I wanted to be a boxer when I was a kid and I did fight a bit. Then I got my nose broken and retired at an early age."

"It wasn't a very pretty nose to begin with and it has been worse ever since. But a pretty map might be a disadvantage in this game. It certainly wouldn't help me to stage the heavy-weight championship of the world. That's my biggest ambition."

"You can tell your readers—and Mr Solomons—that I hope to promote or co-promote the championship fight this year in America."

"I'll take over a British contender—I can't say who yet—right the holder, Floyd Patterson. He's a great guy."

"If I pull it off I'll be the first British promoter ever to have done it in America."

"You know I started my career over there. Well, more or less. My first job was in your racket. I worked with a London newspaper on the circulation and covered a few fights. I wasn't getting anywhere, so I took off for New York."

"Worked on a paper there, too, and got more involved in

boxing. Got to know people like Damon Runyon."

"No, he wasn't a very funny man in private. He was a thin little character but he used to eat like a horse."

"I remember we used to go round the night clubs and restaurants and he'd eat a meal in each one. If there was anything left over he'd wrap it up to take home. Used to say to me: 'Harry, boy, I'm always scored I'll waken up hungry.'"

"Those were great days, but I didn't want to settle down in America for good. I came back after four years and started as a manager."

"I was broken-hearted when I had to pack it up in 1939, but the war had begun and I'd no choice."

"I went into the night club business and I did pretty well."

"I had some wonderful people working for me in cabaret. Sophie Tucker, Hermione Gingold. Real professionals. Unlike some others I won't mention."

"I was glad to get back to boxing. They're easier to handle."

"I know what I'm talking about. I've known 'em all. All the big names. Tunney, Dempsey, Sharkey, Baer, Camera, Sugar Robinson."

Not so rich

"I think the greatest boxers I ever handled were Larry Gains and Jack McAvoy. Great boxers. And great gentlemen."

"No, there's no big scale corruption and bribery. I can't speak for America, but I'm pretty certain the graft is mainly confined to these movies."

"There isn't a great fortune to be made, either, as a promoter. Sure I've done all right. I'll never starve, but I'll never be as rich as these financiers like Charlie Clore."

"Another thing I'd like you to tell your readers is that I'm not one of these loud-mouthed promoters who always smokes cigars and rides around in big Cadillacs."

He stopped to light a cigar. He was winding down, nearing the peroration of an ex-pugilist.

"Look at me now. I lead a quiet life. Never go to night clubs. I'm not a flashy dresser. I get my suits in Savile Row, my shirts in Jermyn Street, and I have my shoes made in St James's. All very conservative."

"I don't look any more like a boxing promoter than that fellow over there. Do I?"

"You don't," I said.

"Who is he, anyway?"

I said I thought it was Charlie Clore.

It was.

Among the guests

My invitation to the Sixth Annual Ladies Luncheon of the Varley Club of Great Britain states that the lady guests of honour will be:

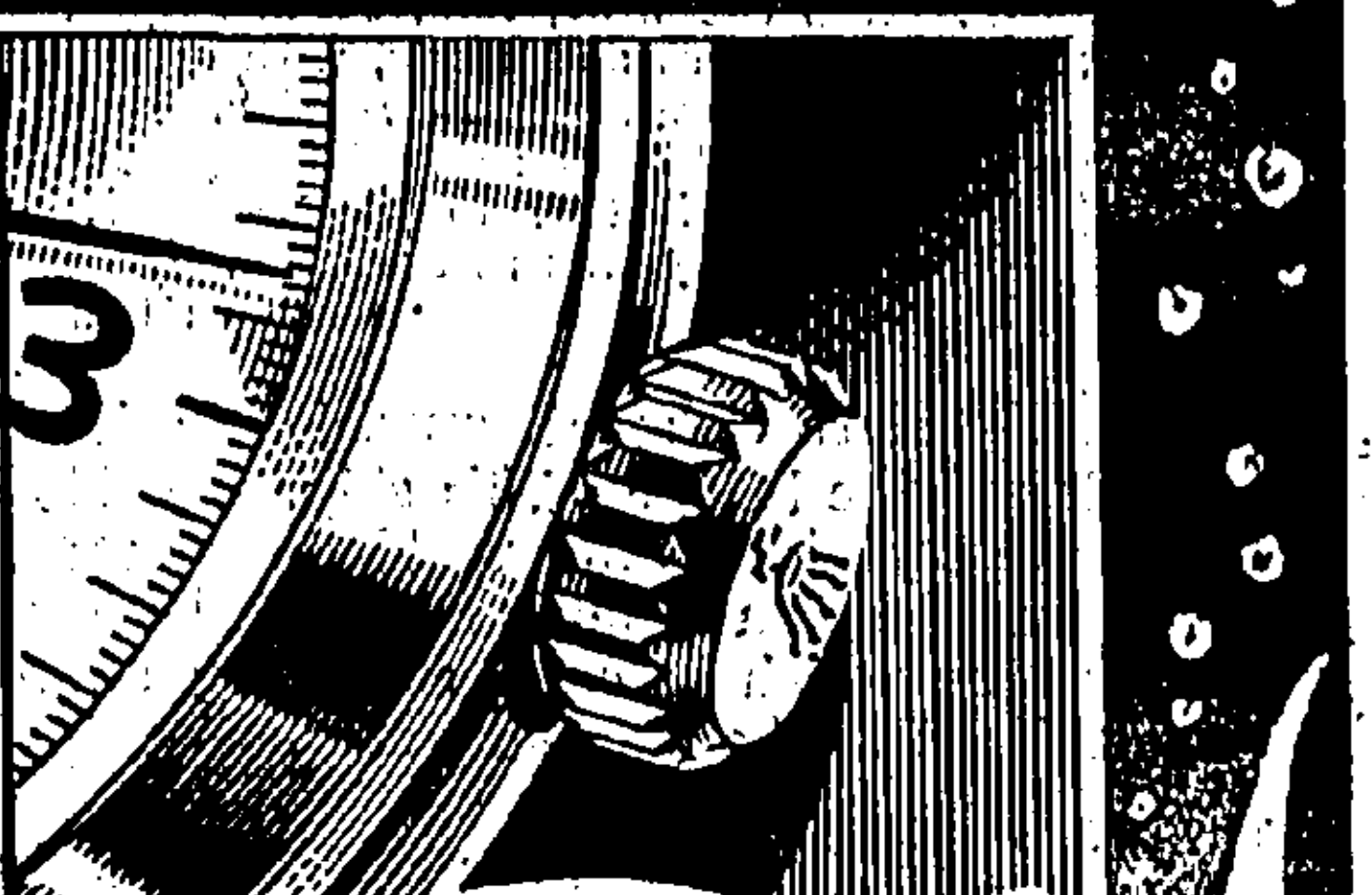
"Alida Markova, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Beryl Grey, Mrs Freddie Bloom, Christina Foyle... and Laurence Harvey."

I am now told that Mr Harvey will not be able to attend.

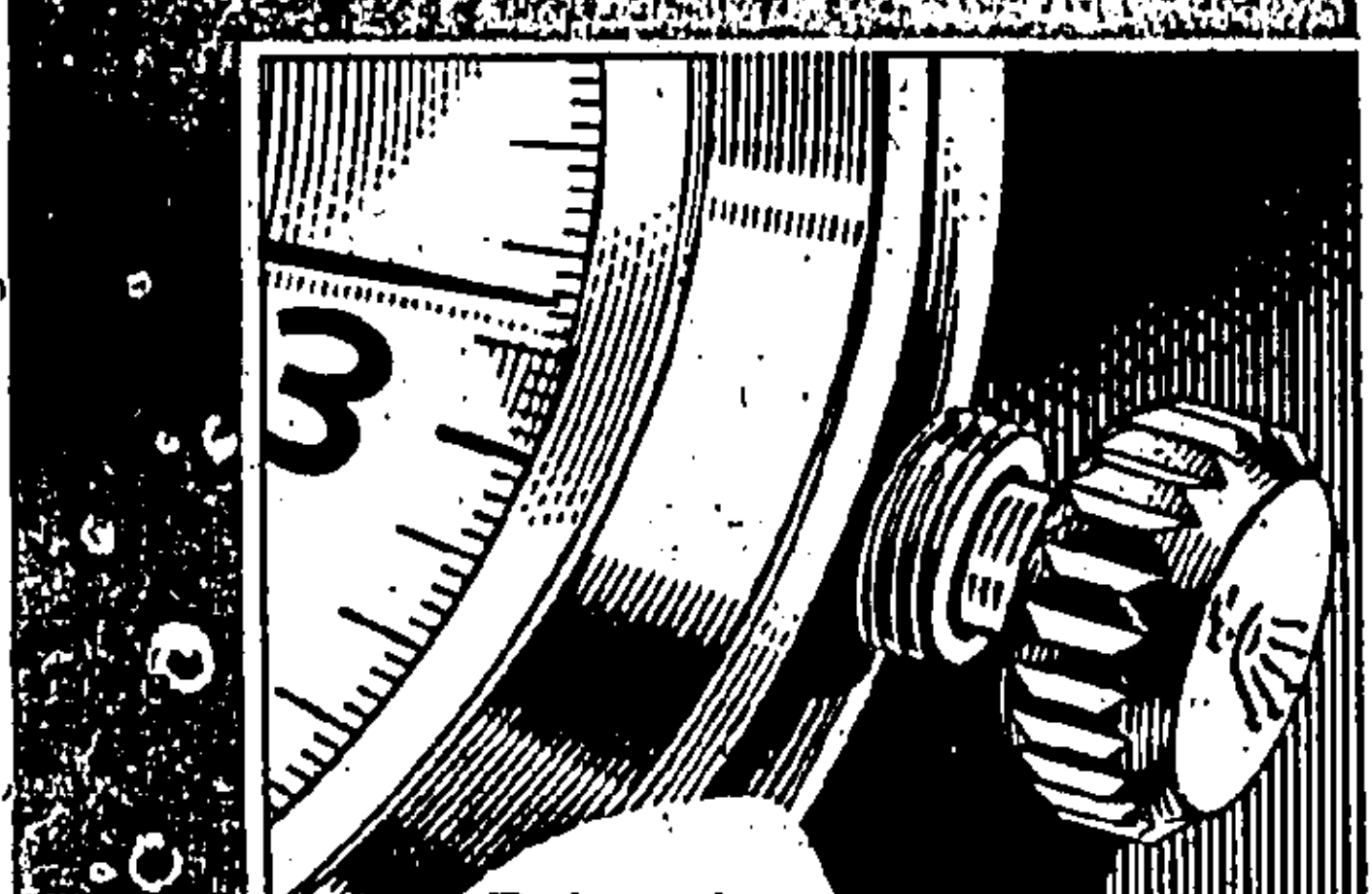
(London Express Service)

27 fathoms down

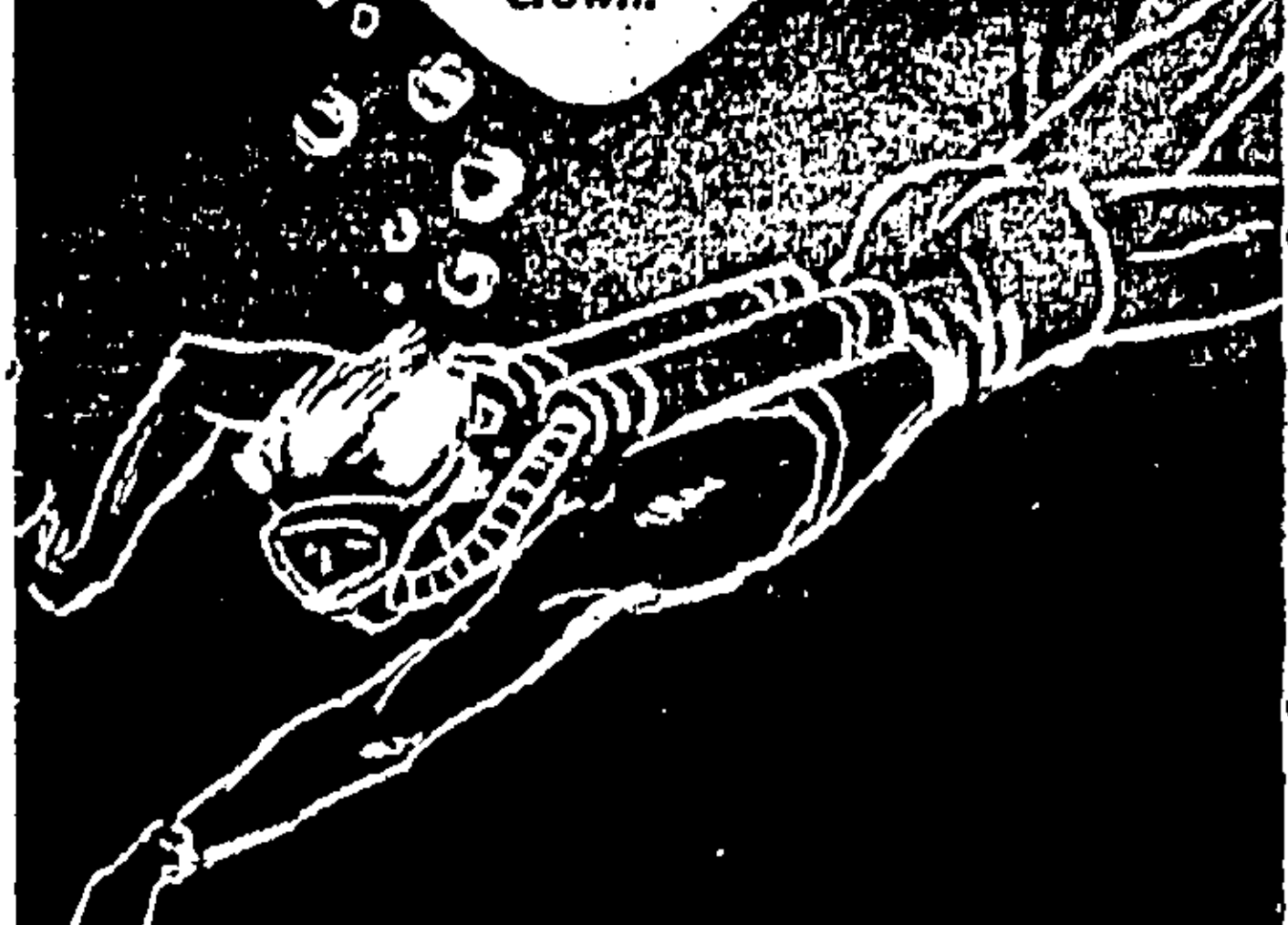
--and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.



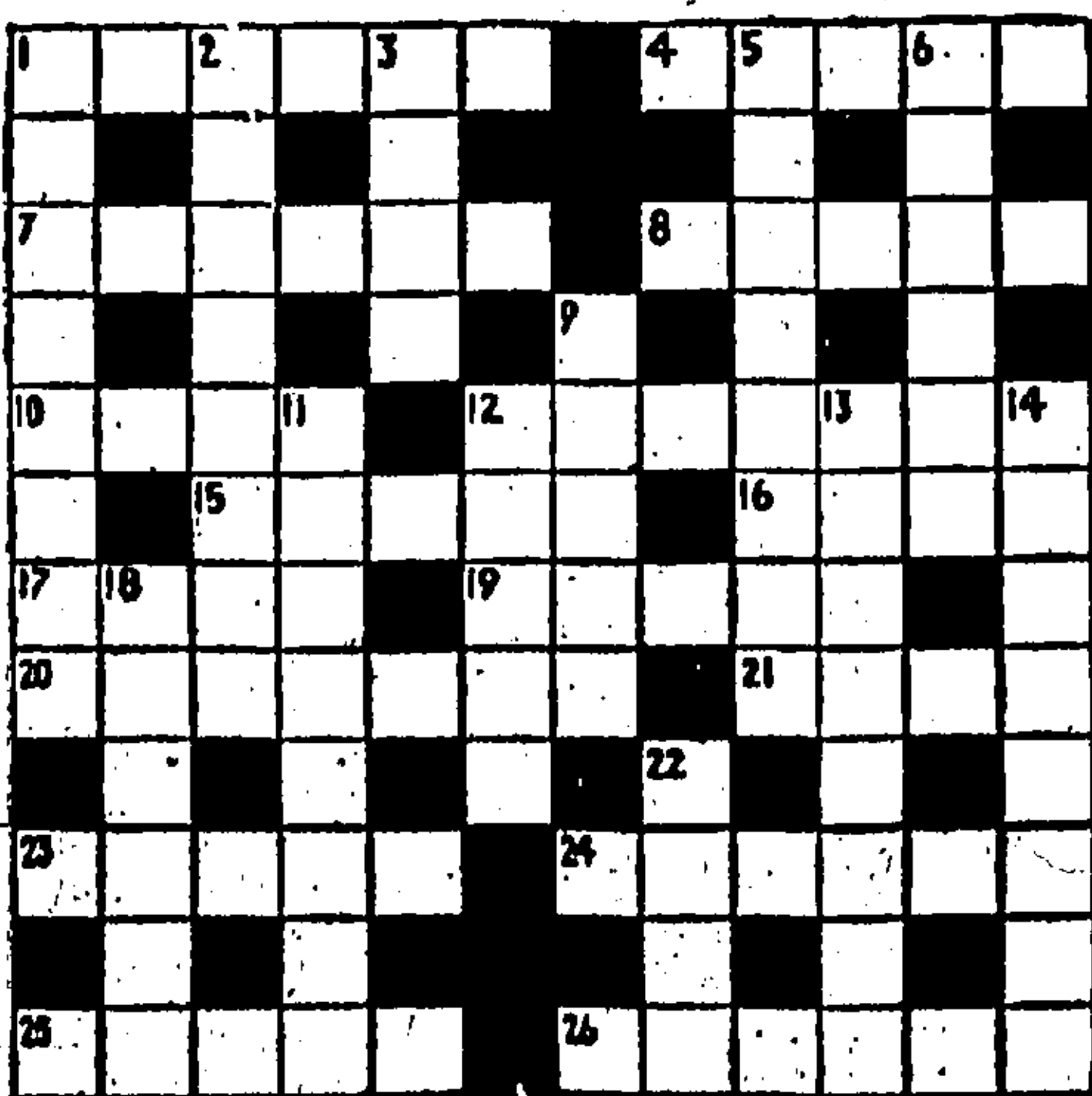
To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

A British Crossword Puzzle

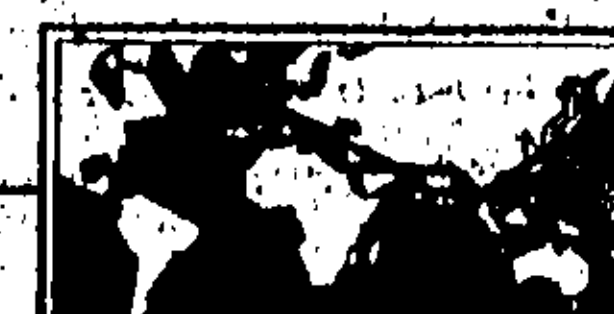


- ACROSS
- 1 Din (8)
 - 4 Military formation (8)
 - 7 Threaten (8)
 - 8 Banquet (5)
 - 10 Imitates (4)
 - 12 Lowered in value (7)
 - 15 Submit to (6)
 - 16 Weary (4)
 - 17 Smooth (4)
 - 19 Introduction (8)
 - 20 Smish (7)
 - 21 Certain (4)
 - 23 Libble (8) for later trial (8)
 - 25 Grown-up (8)
 - 26 Comrade (8)

- DOWN
- 2 Stormed (8)
 - 3 Admits (8)
 - 5 Engrave (4)
 - 6 Causes to function (8)
 - 9 Placard (6)
 - 11 Man on watch (8)
 - 13 Headquarters of regiment (8)
 - 14 Feign (8)
 - 16 Protected (8)
 - 18 Altered course (8)
 - 22 Fruit (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Vagrant, 8 Repair, 9 Cinema, 11 Meditate, 12 Bait, 13 Dregs, 15 Yield, 16 Eyed, 22 Pennants, 24 Prepared, 25 Reveal, 26 Toreador. Down: 1 Grime, 2 Spade, 3 Victory, 4 Aria, 5 Rile, 6 Normal, 7 Slander, 10 Stage, 14 Elder, 16 Slender, 18 Despot, 17 Meteor, 20 Anger, 21 Psalm, 22 Papa, 23 Nero.

YOU SEE
SWISSAIR
EVERYWHERE



General Sales Agents for Swissair:
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
Passages: 23416, 64072, 27160
Freight: 64091, 64045
or your favourite travel agent.

The most controversial sea drama of our time...

Two floating hotels sweep on to disaster

Across the wide, calm ocean sailed the two luxury liners. For their officers and crews, with every modern aid to navigation at their disposal, all was routine. In the lounges, bars and cabins 1,600 passengers enjoyed the good life only to be found aboard a ship dedicated to pleasurable living. How could they know that Destiny was at the helm, inexorably guiding them on a Collision Course?

CAPTAIN Piero Calamai sensed fog in the air, and straightaway made for the bridge of his ship, the Italian luxury liner Andrea Doria. The captain, a tall, well-built man whose swarthy, suntanned face was dominated by an aquiline nose, was credited by his crew with a sixth sense by which he could smell fog on the horizon before it could become evident to the man on watch.

He always seemed to arrive on the bridge just before the lookout gave the news which would have brought him there anyway.

So it was on this sunny afternoon of July 25, 1959, when his ship, the finest in the Italian merchant navy, was nearing New York on the last stage of her Atlantic crossing, with 1,134 passengers aboard.

Delicate

As he stood on one of the bridge wings of his ship, Calamai saw unmistakable signs of fog on the horizon ahead. And that at once posed a delicate problem.

Because of a storm two nights before, the Doria was about one hour behind schedule. Her engines, on full speed ahead, were pounding out their 35,000 horse power, pushing the vast ship, 607 feet long and 11 decks high, through the ocean at her full cruising speed of 23 knots.

Depending on the density of the fog, Captain Calamai knew that the law required him to slow down. He knew equally well that any reduction in speed would mean a further delay in arriving in New York, where he was due to bring the Doria into harbour at six o'clock the following morning.

Although the Italian Line, like all shipping companies, never instructs a captain to break the law to arrive on schedule, Captain Calamai knew, as do all captains, that



by **ALVIN MOSCOW**

The author spent two years on research to produce this report, which is both an authoritative documentary and a story of compelling human interest.

late arrivals cost both money and prestige. The law about navigation in fog is simple enough (except for those who have to apply it). Rule 16 of the Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea says:—

"Every vessel shall, in fog, mist, falling snow, heavy rainstorms or any other condition rendering visibility so moderate as to require careful regard to the existing circumstances and conditions." The key words, "a moderate speed" have been interpreted in the courts to mean a speed at which a vessel can come to a dead stop in half the distance of the existing visibility.

High stakes

But to apply that literally might mean lying hauled, a few hours' steaming from port, for a day, two days, or a week, losing money all the time and incurring the wrath of the owners and passengers. Anyone could take that safety-first course: it is the skillful captain who brings his ship into port safely and on time.

For Calamai the stakes both in money and prestige were especially high. The Andrea Doria, only three and a half

years old, was a show ship. To many she was the most beautiful ship afloat. Her owners, in having this ship built to mark the rebirth of the Italian merchant marine after the war, had been determined that she should be a symbol of Italy's matchless heritage of beauty, art, and design.

Superlative

In size, her 29,000 tons did not compare with the giants of the British and American lines. But there was something special about her, something that marked the Andrea Doria apart among ships of the world. The Italian Line tried to express this apartness of her creation.

"For the period of her voyage a ship must be a whole way of life for her passengers. She must provide them with an experience that will somehow be different and better than a comparable experience they could have anywhere else. This experience must be one they will enjoy while they have it... and one they will never forget as long as they live."

"The Andrea Doria was designed as a living testament to the importance of beauty in the everyday world... Works of art were everywhere, particularly in the

public rooms, and there were 31 public rooms. Italian artists had created within the ship a small art world in murals and panels of rare woods, in ceramics, mirrors, mosaics, and crystals.

Four artist-designers had been commissioned each to design his idea of a superlative luxury suite consisting of a bedroom, sitting room, powder room, baggage-room, and bath.

The entire ship was air-conditioned. Each of the three classes had its own cinema theatre. Each had its own swimming-pool and surrounding recreational area. Each pool was in a country-club setting of tables, sun umbrellas, pool bars, and white-waistcoated waiters.

That was the ship, under the command of Piero Calamai, a ship dedicated to good living. Calamai, a fine seaman liked by all his crew, brought into fog on that summer afternoon.

They knew

At first the fog was light and patchy, but Captain Calamai sensed from his vast experience of this part of the Atlantic that the fog would grow thicker. He gave the order that fog precautions be taken, and his officers knew exactly what was expected.

Of the two radar sets on the bridge, the one to the right of the helm was switched on to the 20-mile range, and one of the two officers of the watch posted himself by the radar screen as a lookout for any ship or object within 20 miles of the Andrea Doria.

CURIOUS CHARACTERS: No. 4

The Earl's dogs wore boots

THERE was never anything quite like the 19th century Paris household of the Reverend Francis Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater—or, for that matter, anyone quite like the Earl.

Like many eccentrics, the Earl had plenty of money to indulge his whims. He had an army of servants and an enormous mansion.

When the Earl borrowed a book, he returned it with elaborate ceremony. The book was placed on a pile of purple cushions, carried to a special coach and driven by a liveried coachman to the lender.

Human friends. Dinner at the Earl's establishment was a fantastic affair. His dogs—and he had a great number of them—would be seated at a white-clothed table, draped with embroidered napkins and fed the choicest tit-bits. Liveried servants waited on them.

If any dog behave violently, or displayed undue greed, he

The ship's fog whistle, operated by compressed air, was flicked on and began to boom warnings at 100-second intervals through the fog.

The 12 watertight doors, inter-connecting the ship's 11 watertight compartments were closed by the control panel on the bridge. And the lookout was ordered "down" from the crow's-nest to stand his watch on the peak of the ship's bow. There, he was expected to sight anything ahead of the ship before it was seen by the lookouts and officers on the bridge.

Reduced

Nor did Captain Calamai neglect to telephone down to the engine room. "We're in fog," was all he had to say. The engineers knew what to do.

There are two ways to reduce the speed of a ship. One could reduce the number of nozzles feeding steam from the boilers into the turbines. Or, one could reduce the steam pressure in the boilers.

The latter was the practice on the Andrea Doria. It was cheaper to reduce steam pressure and burn less fuel, although cutting steam pressure reduced the power and manoeuvrability of the ship in event of emergency, for it takes far longer to build up boiler pressure than to open closed turbine nozzles.

The engine telegraphs on the bridge and in the engine room remained at FULL SPEED AHEAD. The Doria was making 21.8 knots through the sea and fog instead of 23 knots.

Of the precautions taken and not taken, the passengers

generally were oblivious. The turn of weather sent those who had been lounging near the three swimming pools back into their cabins for the final day's packing.

The captain's farewell dinner and ball had been held the previous evening. No parties or formal dress were scheduled for the final night at sea. It was meant to be a quiet, relaxed evening for the passengers.

On the bridge of the ship all was quiet but not quite relaxed. The afternoon fog patches grew closer and thicker as the day wore on. Captain Calamai fully expected to spend the whole night on watch, guiding his beloved ship through the fog to New York.

Directly ahead beyond the fog lay the Nantucket Lightship, anchored 50 miles off the American coast, marking the gateway for Atlantic shipping to and from the United States. For inward-bound shipping it represented the first sighting of America and a sign that the last lap of the journey had begun.

Departure

For another ship, a glistering all-white vessel which resembled a long sleek pleasure yacht more than a liner carrying 534 passengers on a Transatlantic schedule to Scandinavia, the Nantucket Lightship represented the point of departure from the United States.

This ship, the Swedish-American liner Stockholm, was heading due east towards the Nantucket Lightship as the Andrea Doria was approaching it from the opposite direction.

For the Stockholm, whose white was broken only by a single yellow funnel, mast, and kingposts, it was the first day out of New York.

Unexcelled

The Swedish ship, just three inches short of 525 feet from her sharply raked bow to her round stern, had left her pier at Fifty-seventh Street in New York at 11:31 that morning. The day had been hot, muggy, and overcast in New York, and not much better out at sea. A haze blurred the rays of the summer sun, yet there was no fog as the Stockholm sailed away from New York.

The accommodation for her passengers could not match the luxury of the Andrea Doria. Her builders and designers concentrated on comfort. Her crew gave unexcelled service.

The Swedish Line expected and received a full day of work from every member of the crew. The ships of the line were among the very few which assigned only one officer to each watch.

The book, *Collision Course*, from which this series is adapted, will be published in Britain by Longmans.

Carsten lunged at the engine telegraph... the ships drew closer and closer.

While most ships assigned two officers to the bridge, so that one could remain lookout while the other tended to radar or navigational aids in the chartroom, the Stockholm's owners believed one hard-working officer could discharge the necessary duties with no undue strain.

So there was nothing unusual in the young third officer, Johan-Erik Carsten-Johansen, Carstens to his young fellow officers—taking sole responsibility for the watch from 8 p.m. to midnight.

Confidence

Carstens was 26, a heavy-set, and handsome six-footer.

His broad shoulders and barrel-shaped chest were offset by a boyish face with a rosy-pink hue, smooth texture and expression of youthful candour. His dark chestnut hair wavy and long, came down in a sharp widow's peak to his broad, unwrinkled brow. He had the appearance of a man without a worry in the world.

The day of departure is always a long, hard day for the officers of a passenger ship. Carstens, up since 6 a.m., had supervised the securing of passengers' cars aboard.

But now he felt cleansed of the city's humid mugginess. He had had a hearty dinner, followed by a steam bath and shower and an hour's rest in his cabin before coming up for duty.

Three seamen constituted his watch. They divided the four-hour watch into equal 80-minute periods, taking turns as helmsman, lookout in the crow's-nest, and stand-by lookout. A feeling of confidence and well-being pervaded the young officer as he went through his routine duties.

At about nine o'clock in the evening the Stockholm's master, Captain H. Gunnar Nordenson, came on the bridge for a look round.

Captain Nordenson, who had commanded a one-time or another every one of the Swedish-American Line ships, was a strict disciplinarian, who spared few words in casual conversation with either his officers or crew. Carstens, engrossed in his duties, was unaware of the captain's arrival until he noticed him pacing the starboard wing of the bridge.

First trip

Nordenson, a man grown portly but not soft with age, walked with head down, back and forth along the narrow passageway on the out part of the bridge wing. He responded to Carstens' greeting and then continued his pacing.

About ten o'clock, Captain Nordenson came into the wheelhouse and announced, "We are going down to the cabin and would be there if needed. He told the third officer, "Call me when you see Nantucket."

Neither man could remember the short, casual conversation afterwards. Whether the captain had said anything about the possibility of fog or not, neither man could recall.

But Carstens knew of Captain Nordenson's standing orders

that he was to be summoned at any time of day or night in the event of fog or any other potentially dangerous event.

As soon as the captain left, Carstens decided to determine the position of the ship.

He switched on the radio beacon signal first from Nantucket Lightship, and then the radio beacon from Block Island, which the Stockholm had passed three hours previously.

He drew lines on the chart to represent the Stockholm's bearings on these two points. Where the lines intersected was the ship's position. And at 10:04 he found he was two and a half miles off the course set by the captain.

That was not much at that stage of the journey. Carstens decided to re-check the position in half an hour before taking any corrective action. He checked the tide tables, which convinced him the currents were pushing the Stockholm northwards.

At 10:30 Carstens made another similar check. The Stockholm was two and three-quarter miles off course.

Carstens walked back to the wheelhouse.

"Steer 88," he told the helmsman, Johan Nordenson, a seaman named Peter Larsen took over the helm from Nordenson. It was his first trip with the Stockholm, though he had had eight years sea training.

Concerned

Carstens thought Larsen could steer the ship well enough when he kept his mind on the job. But the Danish seaman seemed to have an insatiable curiosity about what was going on about him, and he allowed his attention to wander from the compass he was supposed to watch.

Larsen allowed the Stockholm at times to yaw two, three, and even four degrees to either side of the course.

Aware of this trait of his helmsman, Carstens sought to keep a tight rein upon him. Each time he walked through the wheelhouse, which was every three to five minutes, Carstens pointedly stopped to look at the compass by which Larsen was steering.

Carstens was still acutely concerned about the possible drifting of the Stockholm off course. He decided on a third check.

It was actually made at 10:40. If one computes the ship's speed and distance from the previous fix, but Carstens noted the time as 11 p.m. Why he did this he could never explain. This inaccuracy was to plague him in the months ahead, but he could not know this at the time. Nor could he foresee even 21 minutes into the future.

This time the chart showed a change of two degrees made at 10:30. The Stockholm was now three miles off course. The tide was causing her to drift further and further to the south.

Carstens struck back into the wheelhouse, and ordered another two degree turn. Larsen obeyed (Continued on Page 7)



DRAWING BY JOHN WOODLEY

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'

TRADE MARK



One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

Make 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-dose, one-day roundworm remedy

Now costs less without duty.

JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO. LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.) UNION BUILDING, HONG KONG
Trade Agents for Hong Kong for BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. (The Wellcome Foundation Ltd.) LONDON

These Tremendous Years

WILLIAM BARKLEY, Britain's liveliest reporter of politics in action, opens his personal notebook to take a no-secrets-barred look at this turbulent gallery



THE CHINA MAIL presents *The Notebook of My Life* by William Barkley. By the whole of Fleet Street William Barkley is honoured as its liveliest Parliamentary Reporter. His 34 years in the House of Commons span the political upheavals of our age.

Now Barkley is allowing his kaleidoscopic mind to range over the people and the problems which have so sharply shaped British lives today. Appropriately he deals with the outstanding landmark in a crusade which he has always stood for.

How I come to be writing this...

ALL THAT I remember of my infancy is a deep desire to be over and done with it. When the Sunday School class in Dunfermline sang "Childhood's years are passing o'er us" I had a second line of my own: "Not a day too soon for me."

Enough to say that I left school (Glasgow University) at the age of 25 and grew up suddenly one September morn in 1925 at the age of 27.

I was then the youngest recruit to the parliamentary reporting staff of the Glasgow Herald—in the Press Gallery for nine months at eight guineas a week.

Unknown, unknowing, one fortnight later I was the Parliamentary Reporter of the fabulous Daily Express.

The courage of a bottle of wine...

It has been an unbroken rule of my life never to ask anybody for a penny.

But in those distant days on Friday evenings when the House rose I took to haunting the corridor outside the Editor's room expecting him to dart out and say: "Barkley, just the man I was looking for to double your salary."

But it never happened.

I resign

At that time I was not averse to malt liquors, but made no use of the vintage. I chose, however, one night to drink a bottle of cheap claret. Next day for full measure in a

rare fit of melancholy I went along to the Editor's office and resigned.

The result was quite unexpected. The Editor flew into a temper. He shouted: "You are the last young man in this office to hold a pistol to my head."

Nonplussed I said: "I don't understand." He retorted: "You know I am leaving for Canada tonight!"

I said: "I had not the slightest idea you were leaving for Canada tonight."

Editor: Will you take a rise of five guineas to stay?

Me: How was I to know you were leaving for Canada?

Editor: Will you stay for five guineas?

Me: Please forget it.

But I got the five guineas.

Much later I told this tale to Lord Beaverbrook.

Beaverbrook: Did you drink a bottle of red wine every night after that?

Me: No, sir, I never tried that trick again.

But, oh the folly if I had gone then! For it was 1929, the doors were opening, the sun was rising. Lord Beaverbrook was about to go on a crusade.

THE GREAT CRUSADE

—and at what a pace even for a young man—

WHAT...pertinacity! In every city and urban centre.

What devotion to a cause! What concentrated vim, vigour, and virility of purpose went into the Empire Crusade once the manifesto broke like an electric storm on politics that June in 1929. Its title: "Who is for the Empire?"

The trouble of our party politics is they are run too often by tame lobby-cats without burning zeal in one of them.

At first the Empire Crusade was confined to print—leading articles, special articles, messages to farmers and manufacturers, exhortations to Ministers.

But groups of enthusiasts were forming all over the country and their appeal to the prophet to come forth in person was ever stronger.

By the autumn of 1929 we find Lord Beaverbrook on his feet—in the House of Lords, at a farmers' club in Lewes, at Eastbourne.

"After I had advocated this project in the newspapers I was told I must go out into the country and speak about it."

"It's not politics, it's evangelism," was a remark often heard as the crowds broke away from contact with the little man with the big head, the strident voice, and the great big vision.

Then a plunge into by-elections. In July 1930 Beaverbrook went tramping down to North Norfolk to challenge the Socialists.

When peace descended at polling day his Tory candidate was beaten by 179 votes but much was won: a warning and a portent to party managers and a firm place in the affections of Norfolk farm-workers.

In October 1930 there followed a bolder venture. Beaverbrook championed his own candidate in South Farnham against the power of the Tory machine.

Night after night he argued, pleaded, bullied, wheedled, entertained times.

People flocked from other parts of London to see the liveliest entertainment of the day.

Sometimes the candidate, who was Admiral Taylor, was almost forgotten. There stood Lord Beaverbrook ready to make a speech if you wanted, or answer questions, if preferred.

"Do you not think," he is asked, "that our traditional free trade reduces the cost of living?"

"No! I think it reduces the chance of living."

Silent

A sign in the sky—the Tory is defeated! The seat is won for Empire Free Trade. Immense rejoicings in the camp of the crusaders.

The election workers flocked in hundreds to Beaverbrook's town house of those days. They celebrated and junketed. But where was he?

I was told he was at his country house.

I hurried there expecting illuminations and bonfires. All was dark and silent. I was shown into the library where he sat alone, motionless. For an hour, a long embarrassing hour, not a word was said. Then he looked up and said: "It is a great victory."

For another half-hour, not a word. Then I took leave.

Never was a man so burned up with exhaustion for the moment. Next day all his menacing range of batteries was fully charged again as usual.

Peace

...but far from calm!

The Tory Party could not face this attack, at least not openly. A few months earlier Baldwin, their leader, had contemptuously dismissed the crusade, saying there would be no food tax imposed by him.

In a few weeks he was proposing that when elected, he would hold a referendum on the subject.

But the defeat in South Farnham! Many people were urging Beaverbrook to break away and form his own Empire Party.

Time-table

The Tory office opened negotiations. Baldwin could not altogether eat his words.

And then, in correspondence published in March 1931, Neville Chamberlain informed Beaverbrook that Baldwin accepted duties on foreign food as one of the measures his Government would be ready to operate.

It was peace. But not calm. Beaverbrook the more passionately went around advocating his views.

The Socialist Government was now collapsing. Beaverbrook threw himself behind the National Government in the General Election, which ended that October of 1931, and by its result altered the social system of a century.

Did ever man tear himself up like this? Look at the time-table of Beaverbrook's meetings Octo-

ber 13, Limehouse; 14, Camberwell; 15, Leighton Buzzard; 16, Glasgow; 17, Darwen; 19, Battersay; 20, Acton; 21, Birmingham; 22, Liverpool; 23, Manchester; 24, Fulham; 25, Camden Town and London Hippodrome; 26, Newquay (Cornwall).

He tore up railway schedules too. I remember the non-stop Royal Scot being stopped at Preston to tie on a sleeping coach on which Beaverbrook, a secretary, a valet, and I travelled on four Daily Express bulk travel vouchers.

The only thing I ever saw in all those towns was the various insides of: 1, on hotel; 2, a motor-car; 3, a hall; 4, a telephone booth; and 5, a chicken.

Beaverbrook subsisted entirely on cold roast chicken on these journeys and I concede I got fair shares.

MONDAY

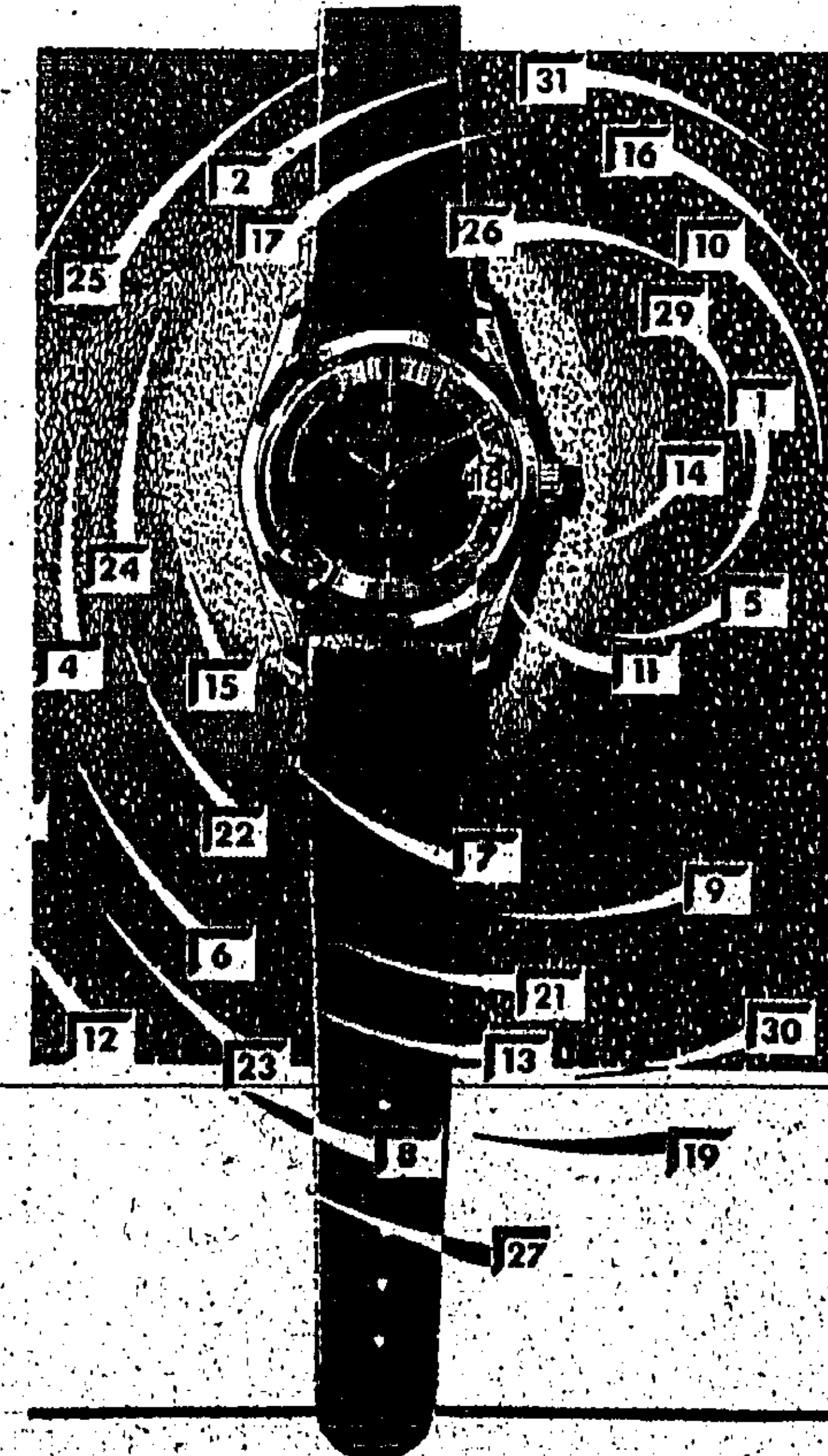
My eyes are your eyes

—(London Express Service).

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE UP-TO-DATE THE NEW

POLEROUTER DATE

MICROTOR™ AUTOMATIC



In a fast moving world, losing track of the date happens to the best of us. The moment you own a POLEROUTER DATE you enter a new age, right up-to-the-minute, up-to-date!

Powered by the compact MICROTOR automatic movement, it stores up to a 2-day power reserve.

Combining accurate time-keeping with automatic "calendar-on-the-dial" service, this rugged watch takes all the beating a busy day can bring.

It is a MUST for the man whose days matter, whose time is precious.

Available in 18 k. gold, goldshell 300 m. and stainless steel.

- automatic calendar
- world's simplest automatic watch
- up-to-a-day timekeeping reserve
- 28 jewels
- waterproof
- anti-magnetic
- shock protected



POLEROUTER, official watch of Scandinavian Airlines System.

Sole Agents:

LAP HENG CO., LTD.

SINGAPORE HONG KONG

This Funny World



"Miss Higgins, we're planning some modernising around here and we're going to start with you!"



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



TWELVE LITTLE MODEL GIRLS...AND ALL IN BLACK



What is the one dress that every woman must have? As a background to her personality... a foil for her jewels, her hair or her fabulous new hat... as a travelling companion ("It's better to take the black; it does for anything")... as a standby (dressed down to meet the other directors' wives)... as a knockout ("Pile on the river pearls and hand me my chinchilla")... there's always an occasion for a **LITTLE BLACK DRESS**.

Today, in a picture packed with fashion interest, we bring you 12 little black dresses presented at the London Fashion Group showings by the house of Marcus, a designer who has had the audacity to challenge the French in their own field. Britain—the home of fabulous cashmeres, kitten-soft tweeds, and impeccable tailoring—can also make the little black dress.

NOTE: FOR THE NOT SO SYLPH-LIKE: Quite a few of these dresses are Big Black Dresses too.

Now furs get the Blonde Look!

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

EVERYBODY is after something blonde in some shape or form these days. The cult is no longer confined to the unspeakable in hot pursuit of the good-enough-to-be-eatable.

Blonde is the colour of the season—the colour that has proved to be the easiest in the world to wear.

It is the colour that makes you look terrific even when you feel tired, that "goes" with everything, that vies with nothing.

Blonde kid shoes and handbags are the answer to everybody's summer accessory problem. So very much smarter than white.

And now the slinkiest pelts in town are appearing bleached blonde. Beaver, mole, opossum, and so on—more Monroesque than Marilyn.

Designer Neil Roger has been showing me his new collection of pale, pale furs. So won over was I that I wouldn't have taken a dark mink as a gift by the time I had struggled in and out of a few of his golden beauties. (Well—not unless I were pressed, I mean.)

"The thing about these blonde jobs is that they are so much more summery looking," said Neil. "And Heaven knows, with our kind of summer a woman needs furs."

I was fascinated to find that, as with the mousetail among us, a black works wonders even on fur.

The humble mousquash, given the full rinse and that treatment, was glorified beyond recognition in a short, wide-collared and sinularily inexpensive coffee-cream jacket.

A casual trench coat—double-breasted with a loose tie belt—looked like a billion dollars. It was, in fact, a honey-coloured mole.

A boxy jacket of blonde kid-skin with pale leather bindings was as light and cuddly as a Shetland shawl.

As for the Champagne mink—"It's like a blonde in a blonde fur," said Neil.

Being a blonde myself who was I to argue?

A new drink

AS I mounted the marble staircase the noise came spiralling down to smite me. As I reached the top I was engulfed by a group of serious-styled men with glasses in their hands. It looked like any other cocktail party—until a waiter

handed me a glass and I tasted it. We had been called together to celebrate the birth of a new drink.

A one-eyed man with a wicked grin joined me. "Terrific stuff, isn't it?" said he. "Come on and listen to Dr Gmur, who is partly responsible for it." And he elbowed a way to the centre of the group.

"By now," said the doctor, who was in full spate, "you will appreciate that ours is a unique, biological process derived from what they call..."

"But what does this drink DO?" interrupted a sombre-looking fellow with glasses.

"It is a most excellent digestive," said the doctor (we slipped in silence). "Ideal for those with a low stomach acidity. And as for that morning-after-the-night-before feeling—the results are FAN-TAS-TIC."

"In a matter of months the word hangover will have disappeared from the English language."

His audience rose to this like goldfish after ants-eggs.

"You're certain? Sure? Been proved, old boy? Then why are we waiting?"

"They're serving champagne in the other room," said my pirate happily. "We had better begin at the beginning if

we are going to give the stuff a fair test."

"Fine was short, so I told him I must consider it simply as a drink."

As a fairly choosy drinker, I report that this new digestive is quite the most pleasant hangover cure I have ever tasted. The only one, in fact.

Alternating

FASHION is International—or so I am always being told. I only wish the nations would get together on sizing.

Allice Through the Looking Glass has nothing on me when it comes to shopping for summer dresses.

Seemingly, one moment a giant, the next a dwarf, I alternate dizzily between filling a size 14 to capacity and sliding with ease and a little to spare into a size 12. The assistant piles on the confusion by the comment that I'm "really a 36."

"How can I be a 36 when the dress I'm wearing is marked 'ten'?" And why does the suit I have just tried fit me to perfection when the blouse part of it is marked FORTY-TWO?

"It's a French suit," says the assistant helpfully. "They are different. Centimetres, I expect. And this 12 is American sizing."

In an English dress. What's 12 to some is more like 14 to others, I find.

"If I were you I would always call yourself a 36—though you're more of a 35 really—and try a 10 if it looks fairly big in the waist or a 12 might be safer—and don't bother with a 14 unless it's a small make, when it will probably be equal to a 12. See?"

"Yes," say I—meaning "No."

So new

EVERY day, it seems, ingenious man is at work to make life easier and more colourful for us.

NEW is an odourless moth proof that can be sprayed all over your clothes and cupboards without leaving a mark. The effects last for 18 months.

NEW is a hairbleach from France that transforms a brunette into a Platinum Blonde in only 35 minutes.

Contrariwise there is also a new permanent colouring to bring grey or blonde hair back to its original shade and that takes only fifteen minutes.

NEW is a "burnished gold" lip and nail colour planned to tone with a deep, deep tan.

NEW—yet another anti-permanent. This one to an American formula.

hatted stockbroker wallahs to the tall, dark and snaky in regimental dress uniform.

Perhaps the introduction of so many charmers made all the difference.

Who said nothing succeeds like sex?

I sat for two hours bridging the gap between two small gilt chairs. Only when the show was over did I realise I was practically numb from the waist downwards.

Could any critic's praise be greater than that? As for the clothes, it is surely too soon to talk of next winter. But for those who like to think ahead I report that we shall

fur collars on suits too, particularly beaver and seal-skin allied to bright reds and blues.

2 Tailored shirt-dresses—in fabulous fabrics (A gold lame shirt-waister drew loud applause.)

3 Evening clothes divided into two very separate categories. On one hand, the short dress and matching top coat (freely, quickly in satin) followed by a dinner jacket. On the other, the big, very full-skirted staminate dress makes its return—by public demand, say the buyers.

Bad news for chaps who are happier in a black tie and a soft shirt. Brush up those tails, boys!

1 More and more fur linings in suits and top coats.

The Blue China Plate

—In Which Knarf and Hanid Go for a Boast—

By MAX TRELL

DOWN at the bottom of the Blue China Plate, if you leaned over the side of the Plate and looked for down (as Knarf and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned About Names often did), you could see a lovely little pond.

And on this pond, if you looked even harder (Knarf and Hanid often looked harder), you could clearly see clumps of white and yellow water lilies.

Little Rowboat

And if you looked harder still, as hard as you possibly could, and leaned far over the edge of the Blue China Plate (which is exactly the way Knarf and Hanid always looked), you would almost always see a little rowboat on this lily pond with a little man in the boat, gathering the blossoms as he rowed in and out among the white and yellow clumps.

This man was Ting-a-Ling, who lived at the bottom of the Blue China Plate.

Now Knarf and Hanid, seeing Ting-a-Ling in his rowboat, waved down to him.

Water Lilies

"We'd like to pick water lilies too," Knarf called down. "Look! That said to his brother, 'Ting-a-Ling is waving for us to come down.'"

Knarf and Hanid slid down over the sides of the Blue China Plate. With two gentle bumps they landed on the hill at the edge of the pond.

A few minutes later they were sitting in Ting-a-Ling's boat.

"I'm delighted to see you," said Ting-a-Ling.

After telling Ting-a-Ling how delighted they were, too, Knarf and Hanid explained that they wanted very much to pick some of the water lilies.

"Of course! Of course!" said Ting-a-Ling in his cheerful, singing voice. "I'll row you both to where the blossoms are. Then you can lean over the edge and take a mow as you like."

So that's how it started out. Ting-a-Ling rowed the little boat gently from one clump of blossoms to another.



Ting-a-Ling rowed the Shadows to the blossoms.

"There," he said, "are blossoms. Why aren't you picking them?"

A surprised look came over Ting-a-Ling's face when Hanid said: "Oh, Ting-a-Ling, would you please row us to that clump over there?"

"Yes," said Knarf, "the blossoms in those other clumps look bigger and better than the ones that are here."

"They always do," said Ting-a-Ling at last.

"What do they always do?" asked Hanid.

"They always," said Ting-a-Ling, "look bigger and better further off than they do right here. But they only look better. They aren't really better."

Looks Deceive

"I'm sure they are," said Hanid.

"Anyone can see they are," said Knarf.

Then Ting-a-Ling smiled and rowed the two children from clump to clump. But no sooner did they reach one clump, then the blossoms in the clumps beyond looked to them to be better.

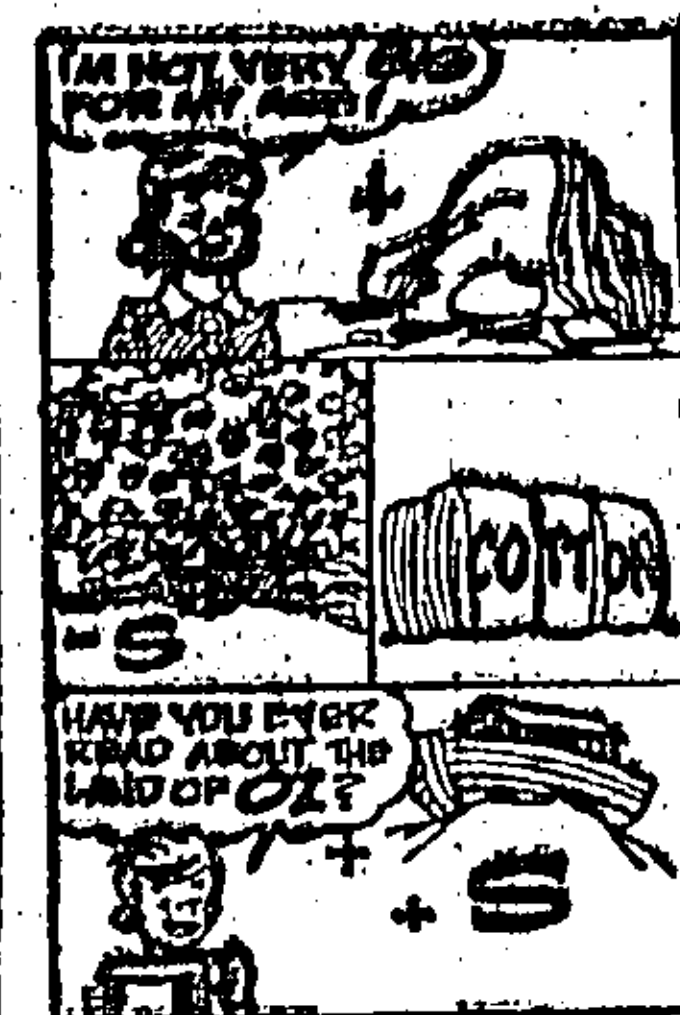
And that's how it was all afternoon until finally Ting-a-Ling said: "It is getting late, my dears. It's time to go home."

And then, and only then, did Knarf and Hanid finally pick the water lily blossoms in the nearest clump though even then they were sure that the blossoms were bigger and better in the clumps beyond.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Arkansas Travelling: ARKANSAS REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden Arkansas' capital, its state flower, one of its products and its hotel mountains in his rebus. Use the words and pictures to best advantage to find them:



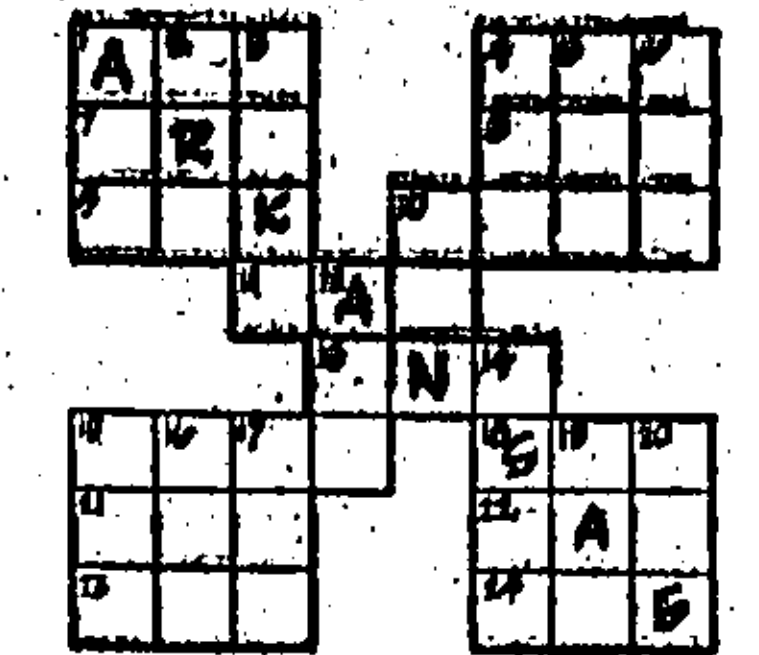
DIAMOND

Arkansas is a South CENTRAL state which serves as a centre for Puzzle Pete's word diamond. The second word to "a number"; third "a singing voice"; fifth, "a direction" and sixth "a college cheer." Use the clues to complete the diamond.

C
E
N
T
R
A
L

ARKANSAS CROSSWORD

To give you a little help with his crossword puzzle, Puzzle Pete had Cartoonist Cal Lister in the name of the state we are visiting:



ACROSS

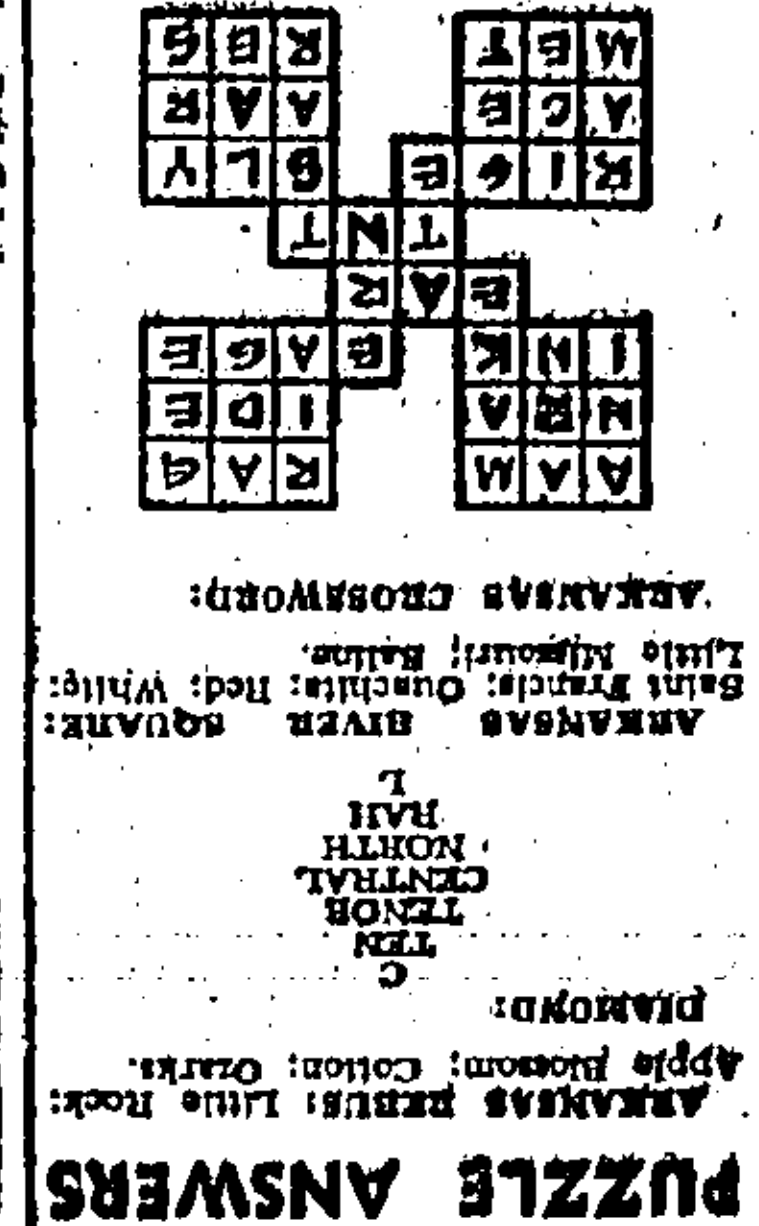
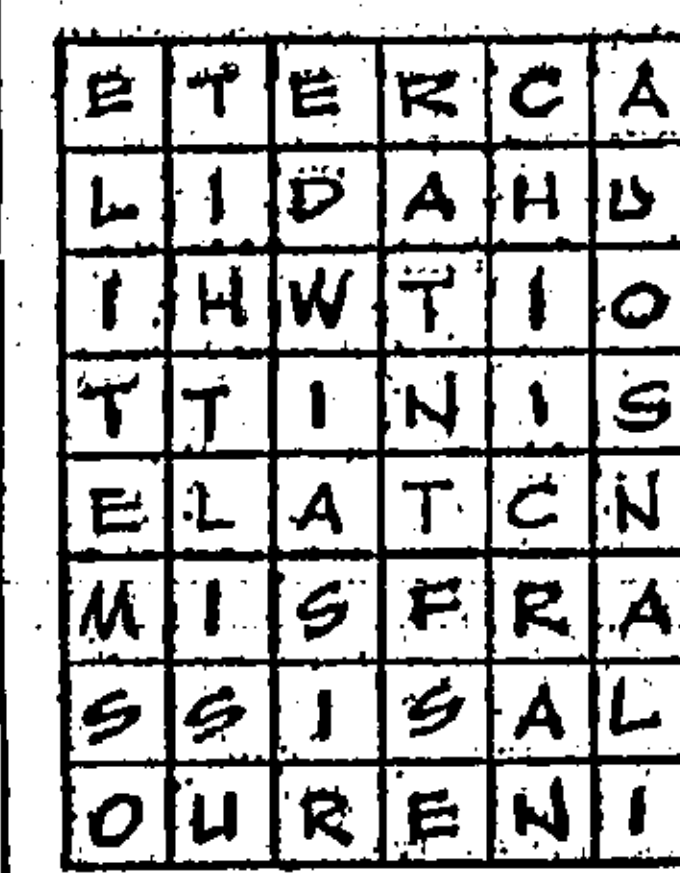
- 1 Dutch measure
- 4 Tattler
- 7 National Recovery Act (ab.)
- 8 Fish
- 9 Writing fluid
- 10 Comfort
- 11 Organ of hearing
- 12 Powerful explosive
- 15 Get up
- 16 Crafty
- 21 High card
- 22 River in Switzerland
- 23 Encountered
- 24 Residence (ab.)

DOWN

- 1 Cuckoo blackbird
- 2 Scottish older tree
- 3 Crest
- 4 Narrow inlet
- 5 Fold notices in newspapers
- 6 Driving command
- 10 Sea eagle
- 12 Dined
- 14 Former Russian ruler
- 15 Male sheep
- 16 Frothy water
- 17 Group of matched pieces
- 19 New Guinea port
- 20 Years (ab.)

ARKANSAS RIVER SQUARE

Six rivers of Arkansas are hidden here. Find the right starting point, then read each letter either up, down, backward or forward (but not diagonally) to find them in order.



PUZZLE ANSWERS



Now in Hong Kong

Knight's Castile Soap

with the wonderful perfume that lasts!

Knight's CASTILE leaves its delectable fragrance on your skin for hours. And your whole body feels smooth, fresh and wonderfully luxurious under the spell of that rich, cleansing lather. Buy a tablet of Knight's Castile Soap today—the soap with the perfume that lingers. It's a luxury soap.

Knight's Castile

It's in a bright blue wrapper



RIGHT: Youthful models pose for the China Mail photographer after a display of dresses made by girls of King George V School recently.

★

LEFT: Mr and Mrs Raymond Y. K. Kan after their wedding at Rosary Church on Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Gemma Mak-ling Lee.



LEFT: Dr D. J. M. Mackenzie, Director of Medical and Health Services, addresses the gathering at the opening of the St Anne's Nursing Home at Hung Hom this week. Seated behind him are Mrs Mackenzie and Dr Raymond W. C. Mak.



RIGHT: At the Rotary Club West gala premiere held this week at the Roxy Theatre (l-r): Mrs McDougall, Mr J. C. McDougall (Secretary for Chinese Affairs), Mr Henry W. H. To, and Mr C. K. Ho.



ABOVE: Lt-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan chats with a nurse at the counter of the new Garrison Clinic in Kowloon which was opened last week.

★

ABOVE LEFT: Lt-Col. Parkhurst Claud Hough of the U.S. Army and Mrs Hough after their marriage at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Nancy Virginia Foreman.



ABOVE: The Swedish Ambassador to Japan, Mr B. Gronwall (right) is seen on arrival at Kai Tak Airport last week. He was met by Mr Li Kai-fung (centre).



RIGHT: Mr R. S. Gunawardene (dark suit), Ceylon's Ambassador to the United States, left this week after a short stay in the Colony. He is seen here talking to Airport newsmen.

ABOVE: Two pretty Indian film stars on a visit to Hongkong: Miss Shyama (left) and Mrs Nirupa Roy.

BELOW: Vivacious film star Ting Lan—Hongkong's Hokkien "Marilyn Monroe"—returned from an extended tour of Singapore and Malaya recently.



RIGHT: At the farewell party for Hongkong's political adviser, Mr R. T. D. Ledward (l-r): Lieut-Gen. Sir Edric Bastyan, Mr Shum Wai-yau, Mr and Mrs Ledward, Mr C. M. MacLachlan (new political adviser).

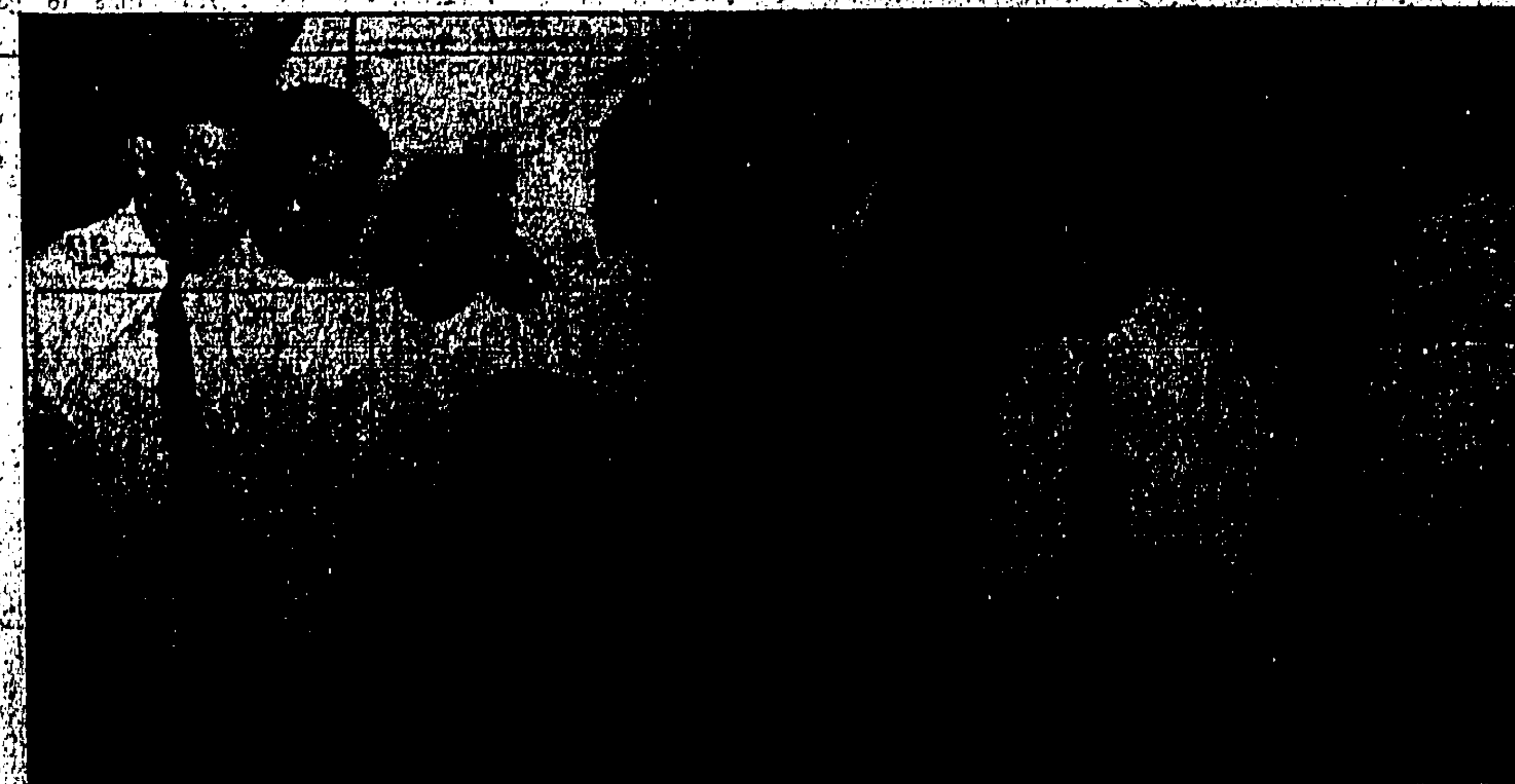
LEFT: Sir Robert Black (right) congratulates Surgeon Commander R. H. Cowling, RN, after presenting him with a badge of Auxiliary of St John during the annual meeting of the St John Ambulance Association last week.



RIGHT: Mr Birt Hope (left) presents a trophy to a student during the St Francis Xavier College sports meet last Saturday.

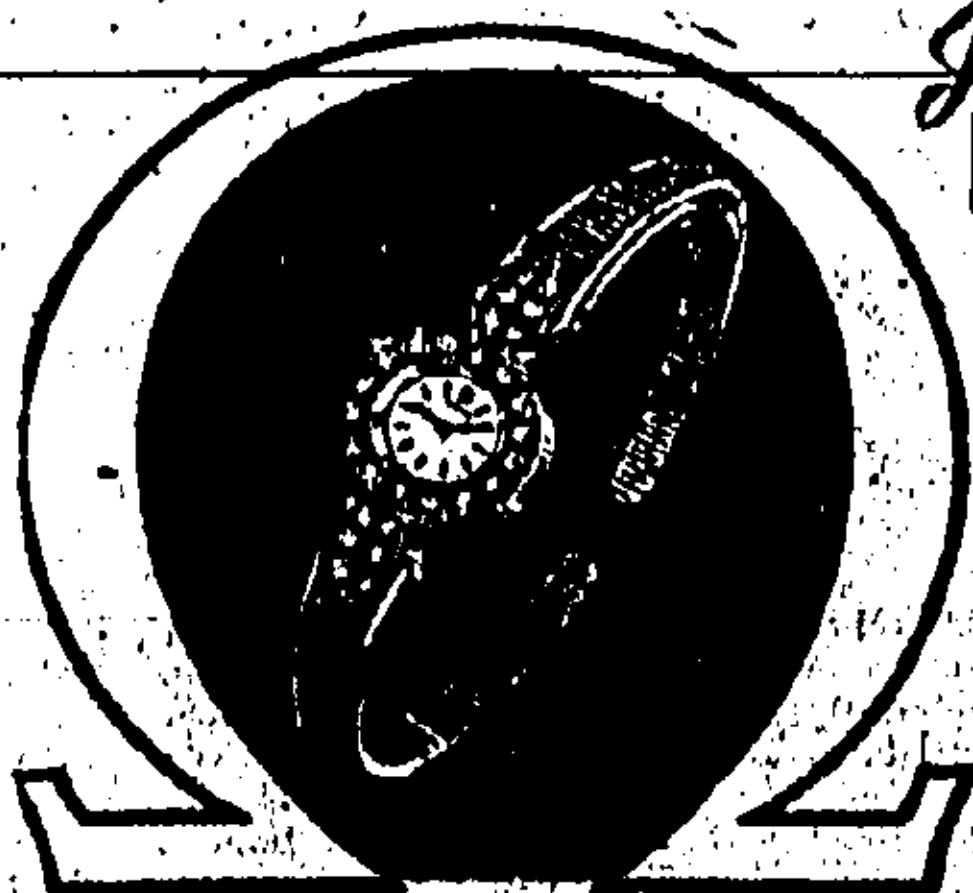
BELOW: Dr C. C. Yung (left) and five other faculty members of Hongkong Baptist College seen presenting a \$12,000 cheque to Dr Lam Chi-fung, the College president. The sum was raised by the faculty for the College new building fund.

ABOVE: It's a close race as these two colourful boats flash towards the finish during one of the many events held on the Dragon Boat Festival celebrated all over Hongkong this week. This race was held at the Chung Sing Pavilion.



OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



Ranging from HK\$1000-

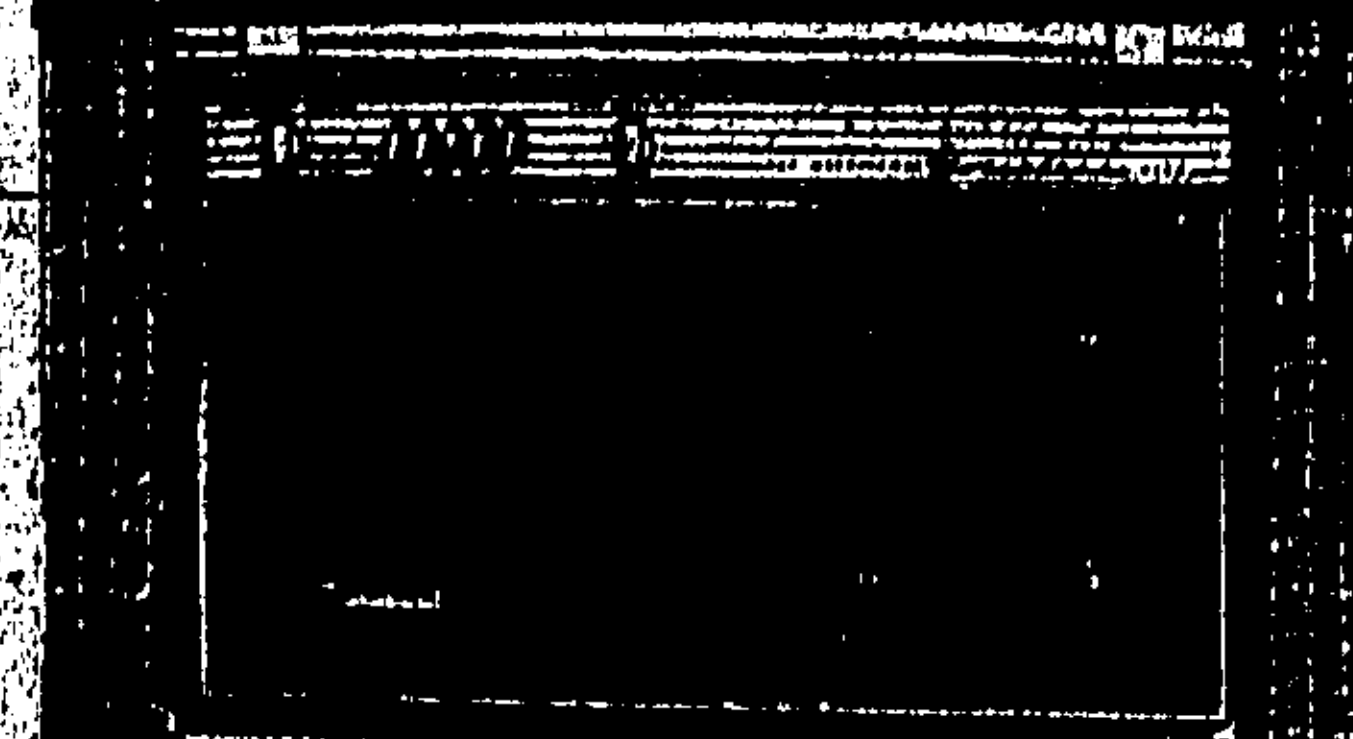
The watch the world has learned to trust. Some day you will own one.

BUY ONLY FROM AUTHORIZED RETAILERS

OMEGA ZEPHYRUS

PHILCO NOISELESS

AIR CONDITIONERS ARE THE Quietest EVER BUILT!



PHILCO HAS ALL THESE TOO!

- Push-button Control
- Fan Speed Control
- Thermostatic Control
- Timed Shut-off
- Washable Air Filter
- Easy-to-clean Coils
- Quiet-running Compressor
- Remote Control
- 115V and 230V Models Available

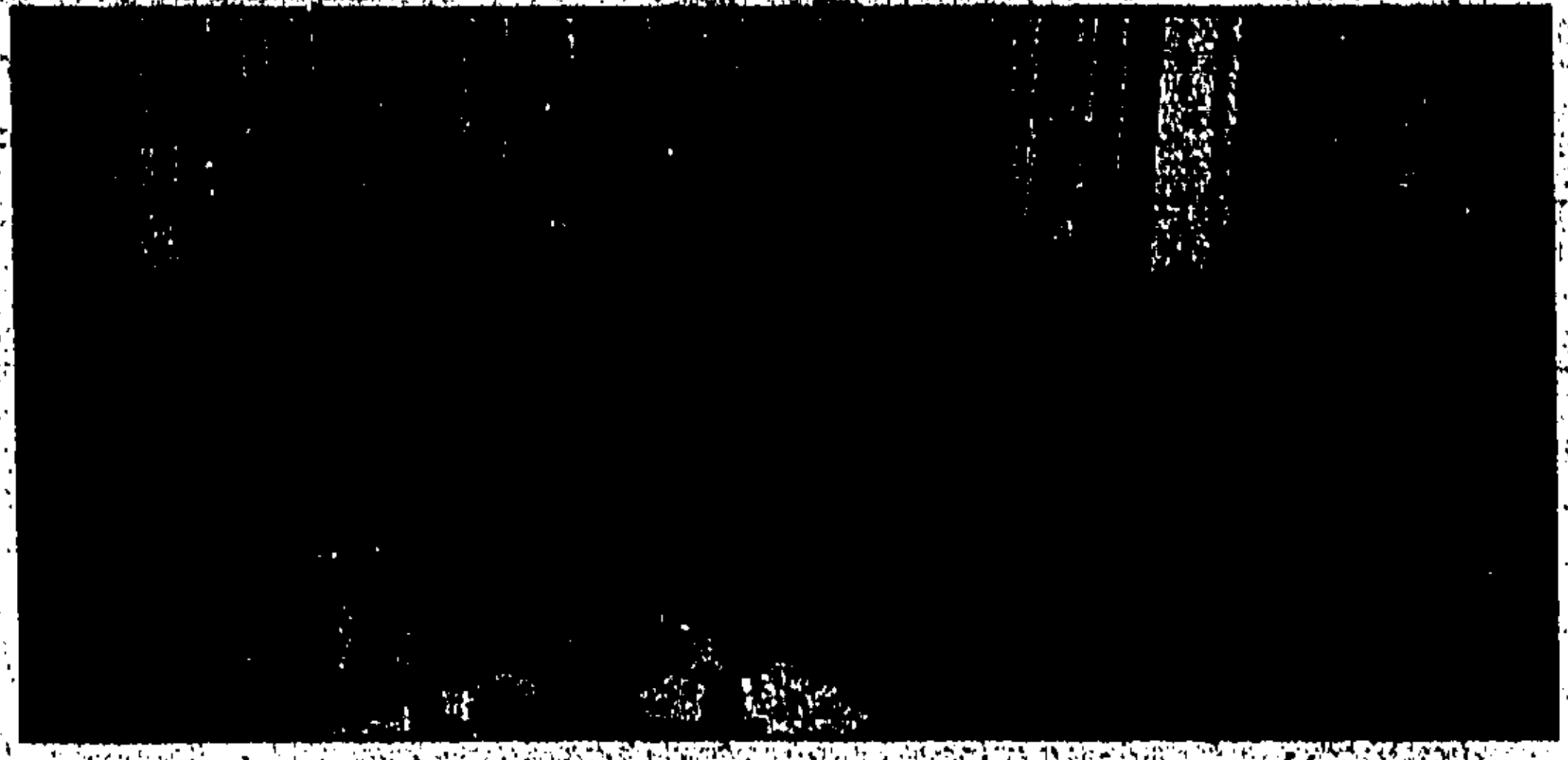
CALL IN FOR DEMONSTRATION

PHILCO



LEFT: The first school children to arrive here from Britain by Comet jetliner are seen here with their parents, Professor and Mrs. S. Mackey. Left to right, they are Michael, John, Mrs. Mackey, Anthony, and Prof. Mackey.

RIGHT: Rudolf Firkušny plays to a large audience at the Loke Yew Hall of the University of Hong Kong. The concert by the famous pianist was highly successful.



LEFT: The victorious St. George's School swimming team who beat King George V School by 18 points recently in an inter-school swimming contest held at Gun Club Barracks pool.

BELOW: The Arts Association of Hong Kong held a farewell party for graduating members recently. Seen at the function is Professor D. Drake (second from right), Dean of the Arts Faculty.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Roderick John Frampton shortly after their wedding at the Registry recently. The bride is the former Miss Shirin Master.



★

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Rene Girard, who were married at the Kowloon Union Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Agnes Krumscheld of Zurich.



★ ★ ★



LEFT: Mr George Ho, managing director of Hongkong's new commercial radio station to be opened in August, points out one feature of the station's services during a press conference held recently. On the left is Mr T. P. Kwong.

BELOW LEFT: Sir Robert Black chats with a young inmate of the Maryknoll Sisters' Welfare Centre during his visit there this week.



ABOVE: Mr Herbert Lee, Chinese-American Senator from Hawaii, arrived here recently with his wife and family for a five-day visit. The purpose of his trip, he said, was to "show something of the Orient and China" to his sons, Herbert Jr. (left) and Gordon.

★ ★ ★



LEFT: Mr F. A. de M. Ribeiro, acting Consul-General for Portugal, greets Sir Robert Black, the Governor, during the Portuguese National Day cocktail reception held at the Club Lusitano this week.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: The gathering at the annual general meeting of the American Women's Association held this week at the American Club.

By Popular Demand

America's own singing star of Stage T.V. & Radio
Returns to
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

with
FIERY SPANISH DANCERS
LOS VASQUEZ

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

Every House... Needs Westinghouse



WALL TO WALL COOLING OR HEATING

Westinghouse

Custom Supreme

AIR CONDITIONER

with "POWER SWEEP"

YOU CAN BE SURE...if it's Westinghouse



Sole Agents

DAVIE, BORG & CO. LTD.

ALEXANDRIA HOUSE TEL. 51255

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FRENCH



FASHION PAGE
keeps prices low
and spirits high

De-luxe deception!

NOT so very long ago, the look of luxe went solely with a pretty big bank balance. The silver-spoon girl knew the cash cachet of cashmere, she knew pearls were too pricey for most people. She looked expensive. She undoubtedly was. But now it takes a very smart spotter to tell a price tag, for the best-dressed girls scoop up inexpensive, off-the-peg dresses—wear them with the flair of the couture class. To look like a golden-girl at a wage-pocket price, gilt-edged investments are:—

THE PALE, PALE COLOURS—with the expense account air. The newest drip-dry-ables, the latest techniques, have changed them into a practical proposition.

THE GLINT OF GOLD—in believable quantities. And the frankly-fake is out.

THE ASCOT HAT—with a shady lady allure. Think of a shape that suits, then double its size.

THE FLUTTER OF PLEATS—with a delicate air. Long loved in top fashion, they're now long-lived in new uncrushables.

THE SPECIAL OCCASION GLOVE—looking all "handle-with-care." Perfectionists pick short chalk white washable kid.

THE TOUCH OF SILK—still expensive, but now down from a once-in-a-lifetime pedestal. Value for money for the kind of clothes you'll wear next year, and the next...



- 1 THE LOOK in a finely pleated shirt-waister. In palest cream-in-your-coffee beige. Tricel. It drip-dries overnight. LOUIS CARING.
- 2 THE LOOK in family-level-also earrings of gold and topaz (or silver and crystal). ADRIEN MANN. More glitter, the knick-knacker also topaz set in a gold surround, which adjusts to fit any hand. K. NAGEL.
- 3 THE LOOK in a big occasion hat of maize-coloured straw, garlanded with stiff black veiling, a black velvet bow. OREZZELLE. With it, white cape-
- 4 THE LOOK in a brushed Orton cardigan—light and white as a fluffy springing. STAMPS.
- 5 THE LOOK in a pure silk shirt-waister printed with burgessing blue flowers (fifteen buttons, stiffened petticoats). CHANELLE.
- 6 THE LOOK in white rose-scattered fine ballade for a long nightdress. JONELLE.
- 7 THE LOOK in a hand-woven wild silk blouse, minutely pin-tucked and lined with a rouletted tie. LONDON PRIDE.



London Express Service.



DOES YOUR CHILD SLEEP PEACEFULLY?

Children whose mothers use Shelltox to keep the home free of disease carrying pests, enjoy the finest protection that modern science has provided for their benefit.

Shelltox is not just a knock-down insecticide that kills and then evaporates; its effectiveness remains potent long after spraying.

Shelltox

with Chlorfen



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL INSECTICIDES



YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 13

BORN today, the stars have given you a variety of talents and it is up to you to select the one you most wish to develop. You have fluency in the written as well as the spoken word. The beauty of poetry and music inspire you and it is likely that you have considerable facility in the area of artistic expression. You are also a fine conversationalist and can also lecture with charm and wit.

You have a warm personality with an innate shyness that makes it difficult for you to push yourself forward. You believe that the rewards of good work are always forthcoming and you are willing to wait. You might reach your ultimate goal faster if you were to become a little more pushy.

Since you are rather psychic and often have strong premonitions, you are deeply interested in the whole problem of extraneous perception and may, at some period in your life, make a serious study of the subject. You are affectionate and home loving. Consequently, you should make a habit of going home as often as you can. You will enjoy having your family live up around you. Best of all, you are a devoted mother and your children are attracted to you and there can be a lifetime of happiness ahead.

Among these born on this date are: Adonis, Neanderthal, Voltaire and Shakespeare. Bruno Friso, author and poet; William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and dramatist; George Frederic Handel, composer; Mark Van Doren, poet and critic.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Join close friends and relatives in a family gathering. Maybe there's something to celebrate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Attend a lecture this afternoon. It can be entertaining as well as instructive.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—A community gathering can bring pleasure. Perhaps a member of the family is participating.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—A fine day for an outing in the country. If the weather permits, build health and renew energies.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—A day for inspiration and spiritual renewal. A good sermon can be of great help to you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—It's spring and there's romance in the air. Make as well have your share of the fun.

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 21)—You might enjoy having close friends home for Sunday dinner.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Join close friends and relatives in a family gathering. Maybe there's something to celebrate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Attend a lecture this afternoon. It can be entertaining as well as instructive.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—A community gathering can bring pleasure. Perhaps a member of the family is participating.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—A fine day for an outing in the country. If the weather permits, build health and renew energies.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—A day for inspiration and spiritual renewal. A good sermon can be of great help to you.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—It's spring and there's romance in the air. Make as well have your share of the fun.

TAURUS (Apr. 20-May 21)—You might enjoy having close friends home for Sunday dinner.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Join close friends and relatives in a family gathering. Maybe there's something to celebrate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Attend a lecture this afternoon. It can be entertaining as well as instructive.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 15

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—An active day when all your major interests should be shared. Take a positive attitude toward life.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Your day! Take positive action in a definite direction. Want a new job? Go out after it. You can succeed.

LEO (July 22-Aug. 21)—Show appreciation of the close friends who are at your side and always helping.

VIRGO (Aug. 22-Sept. 21)—Take a big step forward. You can advance your interests by acting positively now.

LIBRA (Sept. 22-Oct. 21)—An active, exciting day when things are really happening. You can get about what you want.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22-Nov. 21)—Excellent opportunities for company social and business contacts.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Don't waste a moment of this magnificent day. Be enthusiastic to the point of being ridiculous.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—If you have, indeed, found for it, you will find that you can succeed.

DANISH FIRST COLLECTION

By Muriel Penn

A YOUNG Dane, 27-year-old Jorgens Langberg, is at present showing his first collection in London.

Trained at the St Martin's School of Art in London, the alma mater of many of Britain's leading young artists in many spheres, Mr. Langberg has also studied in Paris with Madame Cassandre, who trained the late Christian Dior and other Paris couturiers, including Pierre Balmain and Lucien Lelong, and worked for a time in Paris with couturier Jean Dessès.

Now in London, returned to London to design for the Worth wholesale section which supplies, under the Couture name, models designed and made in Worth's own workrooms.

In his current collection, Mr. Langberg has used some English style and organza and almost all British woollen fabrics. But his silks, especially printed silks, are mostly continental. Asked what he thought of the way the average English woman dresses, compared with say, the average Parisienne, he told me emphatically that British women have much more natural elegance than their French sisters.

ENGLISH ELEGANCE
They may be somewhat conservative in their attitude to fashion," he explained, "and refuse to adopt flashy new lines just because they are new. But they have an innate elegance and an admirable sense of simple, smart black and white quality."

"But," he added, with obvious regret, "their make-up is so bad. They usually use too much and often in the wrong places. They make no artistic study of the subject and use no imagination about it."

Although Mr. Langberg is young, he says that he "designs best for the elegant woman of the world." "And," he adds, "she is usually not so young."

Although many manufacturers are showing suits with longer semi-fitted jackets for the autumn, Mr. Langberg appears to prefer the shorter ones.

MUSCOVITE SUIT

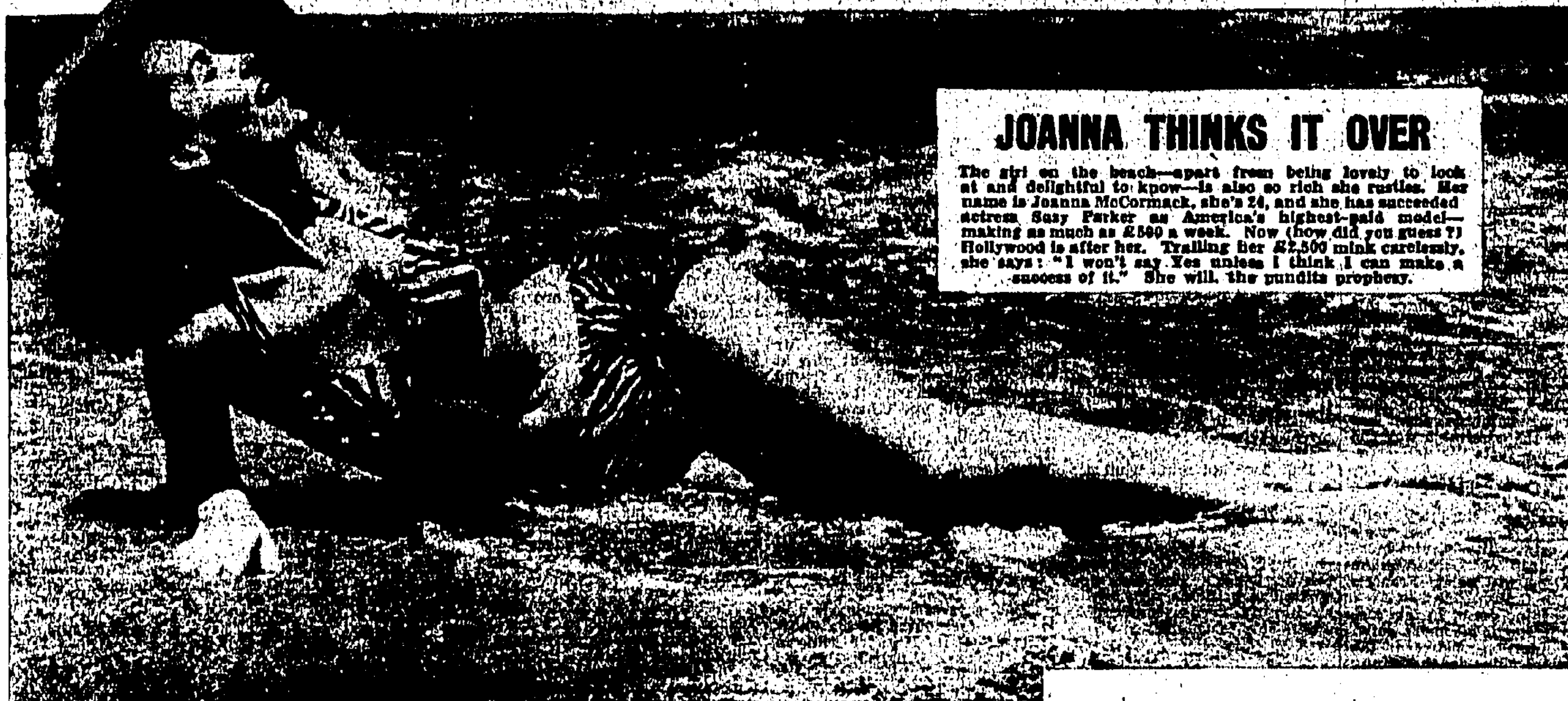
His collection includes several semi-fitted 3-piece suits—one in oriental red wool with bell-shaped skirt and beaver lamb collar is called "Moscovite"—and at least one dress and jacket ensemble with the new, and increasingly popular, seven-eighths-length jacket.

Most of his top coats are belted, and some have the ubiquitous fur collars. Colours are autumn browns and greens with some muted blues and, of course, black.

Striking among a group of cocktail dresses is one in jet black Lyons velvet embroidered with organic patterns. The collar is called "Moscovite" and matching organza stole. A white dress with a black belt is called "Moscovite" and a white dress with a black belt is called "Moscovite".

Roderick Mann

SHOW BUSINESS
IN AMERICA



JOANNA THINKS IT OVER

The girl on the beach—apart from being lovely to look at and delightful to know—is also so rich she rustles. Her name is Joanna McCormack, she's 24, and she has succeeded actress Sissy Parker as America's highest-paid model—making as much as \$250 a week. Now (how did you guess?) Hollywood is after her. Trailing her \$250 a week, she says: "I won't say Yes unless I think I can make a success of it." She will, the pundits prophesy.



"Wyer didn't care a damn about my money"

My million-dollar feud—by Peck

IT would be unthinkable to leave the colourful Hollywood scene without reporting on one of its more enlivening aspects: the Feud.

For feuds are as much a part of Hollywood as pitch-dark bars, over-exposed starlets, intoxicated actors, and Cadillac convertibles.

FOR YEARS

So much so that columnist Walter Winchell devotes space each week to listing the names of those who should never be invited to the same parties. This section of his column, I am told, is devoured avidly by all hostesses anxious to avoid bloodshed on their white wall-to-wall carpeting.

Not having Edna Romney to consult, some of the feuds go on

for years—like the bitter one between Olivia de Havilland and her sister Joan Fontaine. Others, like the recent one between Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr., last only for a month or so.

The latest pair to reach for each others' throats are Mr. Gregory Peck, the distinguished actor, and Mr. Wyler, the distinguished director.

There is a good feud, a 100-octane, 18-carat feud, laced with hate and almost certainly permanent. For money is involved.

Because these two were once the best of friends, I took the trouble to look into this particular battle before departing.

Mr. Wyler, when questioned, was not to be drawn.

"I will only say," he said, "that I wouldn't direct Peck again for a million dollars." (As

almost anyone out here will do anything for a million dollars, this is being more beastly than you might at first suppose.) Mr. Peck, whom I visited in his large Beverly Hills home, was more communicative.

Wearing a shirt, sandals and a tiny pair of blue-striped shorts, he received me courteously, mixed me a drink at his private bar and talked about the row.

"I've been in this business for sixteen years," he said, "and I've made 28 pictures—so I know something about it. Most of the bigger stars are now going into production themselves—the Revolt of the Robots, they call it here—and it is because of this that I had my row with Wyler."

He leaned his fine brown frame against the side of the bar and looked at me.

"We were making *The Big Country* together," he said. "I was one of the stars—and co-producer. Wyler was the director, and also had an interest in the film."

'MY MONEY'

"Well, soon after we'd started it became quite apparent that he just wasn't caring a damn about the money. As co-producer I cared an awful lot—some of it was my money."

"We had violent arguments every night. I would worry myself sick over the budget at night, and during the day try as an actor to respond to Wyler's direction."

"It was an impossible situation. Long before the film was finished we'd stopped talking to each other altogether."

He gazed moodily through the wide windows to the garden sloping away behind the house.

Wyler threw more than a million dollars away on *The Big Country* by shooting hundreds of thousands of feet of unnecessary film," he said.

"In the end we cut 55 minutes out of the film—55 minutes—and it was still half an hour too long. I tell you, that film was a nightmare experience for me. And a costly one. And that's why Mr. Wyler and I are no longer friends."

FOOTNOTE: When I told Mr. Peck I was leaving Hollywood the next day he said: "I'm coming to Europe soon. I like it there. California is only wonderful if you're an orange."

EASY STYLE

I drove out at night to Universal Studios to see a private run-through of Cary Grant's new comedy *Operation Petticoat*—in which he stars with Tony Curtis.

"That boy," Grant said, before leaving for Europe, "is going to prove a really fine light comedian. I like his easy style."

Mr. Curtis, I report, returns the compliment. He has here-ward-bound Grant for years, studied his voice and mannerisms to a degree where he can do an extraordinary take-off of Grant—as in *Some Like It Hot*.

Curtis—who is now much sought-after in Hollywood—

says: "You learn more by watching a professional like Cary Grant drinking a cup of tea than by spending six months with the Method boys." Having watched the shambles of performances given on Broadway by Method advocates Rod Steiger in *Rashomon* and Kim Stanley in *A Touch of the Poet*, I couldn't agree more.

Thoughts to bring back on the plane

MIJANOU BARDOT—sister of Brigitte—writing in a Hollywood paper: Brigitte is still the same friendly girl. When she comes home to us she always kisses everybody—mama, papa, me, the maid, the dog, the milkman...

DORIS DAY—talking about watching her own pictures— "Have you ever torn up a snapshot of yourself you didn't like? Well—imagine watching yourself up on a screen and wanting to do exactly the same thing..."

A VOICE from a darkened corner of the Polo Lounge in my hotel: "I'm divorcing him because he's so terribly changeable. A month ago I adored him. Now I can't stand the sight of him..."

—London Express Service.

LIME LIGHT

You can't afford to be a mouse in a rat race

by THOMAS
WISMAN

HE said: "I'll talk to Mombasa in the steam-room." Secretaries parted like the Red Sea.

We plunged into the carpet at the deep end, descended the grand staircase (you do not just go down a staircase like that), and Irving Allen, who is a film mogul come who may, said: "I'm somebody, send me a literate script you know what I do with it? I throw it in the wastepaper basket, that's what I do with it."

On the next floor a secretary said breathlessly: "Mr. Frankovich is calling you, Mr. Allen."

"Put him in the steam-room," said Allen. We continued relentlessly downwards, past innumerable oil paintings of posing horses until we came to the miniature Turkish bath in the basement of the mansion in South Audley Street, the headquarters of Warwick Films.

No danger

"This I wanted you to see," said the only mogul who can claim to have sweated out the crisis in the film business in his private Turkish bath.

Reclining on the massage couch, he spoke to his partner, Cubby Broccoli, in Mombasa, and then to Mr. Frankovich.

A couple of years ago it was rumoured that his company Warwick was going out of business after losing a lot of money on two films, *Fire Down Below* and *High Flight*.

But Allen survived—which in the film business is the supreme achievement. Today he has a film shooting in Africa (Adamson of Africa) another just out (Idle on

Parade) and a \$2,000,000 Viking saga, *The Long Ships*, ready for production in Yugoslavia.

There is no immediate danger that the steam will be cut off in the steam-room.

As one of the survivors, Allen is qualified to talk about what it takes to survive in show business.

"This is a vicious dog eats dog business and don't let anyone tell you different," he assured me later in his office, which is the size of a hall and contains two globes once the property of Captain Cook.

These Allen likes to spin as he estimates the grosses of the films all round the world.

There are three telephones on his desk which is the size of a swimming pool and there are pictures of horses all round the walls and leather-bound books on horse-breeding in the book shelves.

No messages

Allen said, in a voice that is not exactly a grate or a growl, but could not be described as careering either, "I make films to appeal to the widest common denominator. That's why I'm still in business while the aristocratic boys are not."

"I don't want to make art and I don't want to make messages. I just want to make pictures that make money."

This philosophy is not exactly novel to the film business; that

Allen is the only man I have met who states it so unequivocally and without the suspicion of a blush.

"Sure," he said. "I'd love to have the critics write glowing reviews about my pictures. I'm human I like praise—but I don't want it at the price of nobody going to see my pictures."

"See what happens when you try and get artistic. I employed one of those genius boys to direct *Fire Down Below*. It cost us \$900,000 and though we had Mitelman and Hayworth in it we'll lose a million bucks on it."

"We got away from our action formula and I made the mistake of letting my genius boy get out of line. I can't afford to do that. We've got big overheads."

With a staff of 20—which includes a company secretary who used to be at the Bank of England—round the clock chauffeurs, a private cinema done up in red leather and a Turkish bath to maintain Mr. Allen's overheads are considerable.

"This is a rat race," he said, "and you can't afford to be a mouse in a rat race, so I have to be tough. You can't be on top without everybody taking a swipe at you and trying to knock you down, and if I'm not tough, boy, I'm going to have my brains beat out."

"You never can relax, you never can drop your guard because if you do, when you get hit..."

A story is told which may or may not be true of how Irving Allen became a producer.

He went to RKO and said: "I've bought a book called *The Red Beret* which I want to film. Will you finance me?" They read the book and said they would finance him if he could sign up a big star for the main part.

Boy genius

He then went to Alan Ladd and said: "I've bought a book called *The Red Beret* and I've got a deal with RKO. Will you star in the film?" And Alan Ladd said yes: if he had the book and a deal he was prepared to make the film.

Whereupon so the story goes, Mr. Allen acquired the film rights of the book, which he had bought a few days earlier for 12s. 6d. at a bookstall.

"When I went to sign my 1,000,000-dollar contract at RKO," said Allen, "I wore a 200-dollar suit, a 40-dollar shirt, a 50-dollar hat and an 800-dollar watch and I had exactly 20 cents in my pocket. I had to walk to the studio because I didn't have the bus fare."

"The art of surviving in this business is never to let on whether you've got 50 million dollars or 50 cents. With me nobody could ever tell. I always lived the same however much I had."

"Of course, the trouble with the rat race is that people tend to believe it."

"I can't make a cheap picture," said Allen. "An actor comes into my office, he looks around and immediately doubles his price. It's a vicious circle. What can I do?"

"If I say I can't afford that sort of money the word would go around and that can ruin you. So I have to pay up and smile."

"Money doesn't mean anything to me. It's just that you've got to have it—so I've got to go on making films that make big money. That's my only consideration."

If you ask him would he go and see his own films from choice, he replies, "No I wouldn't. I've got more taste than that. Does Barbara Hutton buy her jewellery at Woolworth's? Listen, I love artistic things—used to be a boy genius myself—I even got myself an Oscar."

It stands resplendent on the mantle, glowing a little, one cannot help feeling, at Woolworth's. Two years after I got that Oscar," said Allen, "I was out of work. Then I decided there was no profit in being a genius."

"I directed a picture called *Climbing the Matterhorn* that's in the Library of Congress today and they had articles about me in the *Highway Magazine* saying I was a genius. But when I tried to get a job nobody wanted to know."

Unsurprisingly, Allen prefers to be in the position of handling

cut jobs—which he does on a lavish scale paying a young scriptwriter £300 a week and a publicity man £75 a week.

"To be able to do that you've got to appeal to the masses," he said. "It's no use making intelligent films. There aren't enough intelligent people to fill the cinemas."

Classical

In pursuance of this conviction Allen has just made a film about a rock 'n' roll singer called *Parade*, though in his own four-storey house in Regent's Park (with a television set on each floor) the music you will hear is Sibelius, Brahms, Beethoven, not Presley.

He has a box at the Royal Festival Hall, goes regularly to the Old Vic, and paintings by Renoir, Degas and Utrillo hang on his walls.

His sons have a French governess and attend the Elysee Palace because, though their father believes in bringing them up bilingual, Allen who believes in the lowest common denominator is himself a Bachelor of Arts and was once intended for a diplomatic career.

"You think I'm a simple Victor Mature because I love that big guy?" Allen asks. "No, because he brings his own money and he isn't a genius."

On the other hand, Allen does not believe in the position of handling

NOW



MORE COMETS!

6

FLIGHTS WEEKLY
BETWEEN THE FAR EAST
AND EUROPE

BOAC now offers you two more Comet jetliner flights per week from Hong Kong to London.

Every Tuesday, departing from Hong Kong at 1.00 p.m., travelling via Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Bahrain, Beirut, Zurich and arriving in London at 9.35 a.m. on Wednesday morning.

Every Thursday, departing from Hong Kong at 1.00 p.m., travelling via Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Bahrain, Beirut, Rome and arriving in London at 9.45 a.m. on Friday morning.

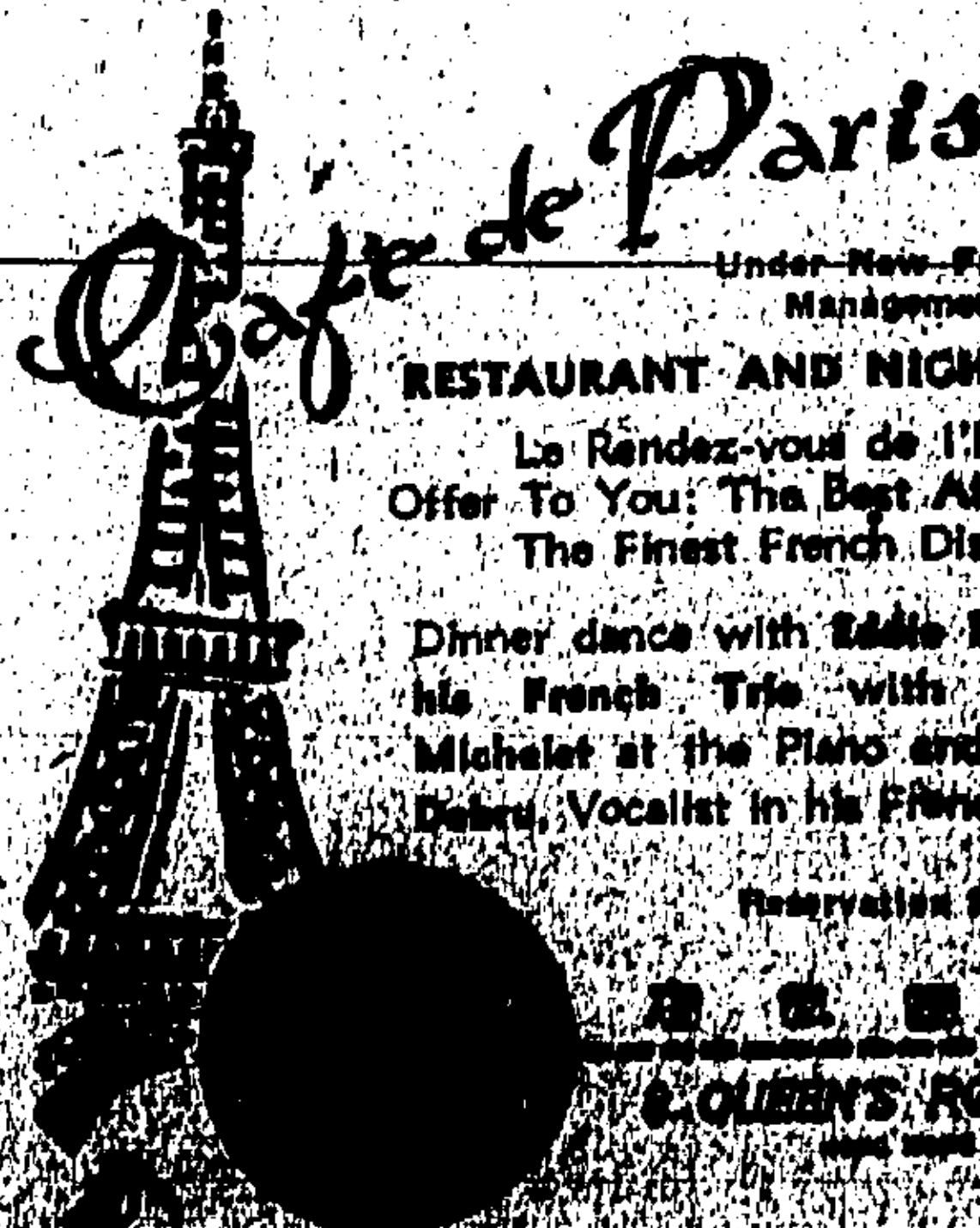
Your choice of de Luxe First Class or Tourist Class accommodation. Book BOAC every time!

See your Travel Agent or Jardines Airways Department, Telephone 27711/2 (24 hour service)

B.O.A.C.

WORLD LEADER IN JET TRAVEL

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



Café de Paris

Under New French Management

RESTAURANT AND NIGHT CLUB

La Rêverie-vous de l'Elite

Offer To You: The Best Atmosphere The Finest French Dishes

Dinner dance with Eddie Bole and his French Trio with Jacques Michalest at the Piano and George Bole Vocalist in his French Songs

Reservations 22002

10 QUEEN'S ROAD C

PICK OF THE NEW POPS

By JOHN LAMBERT

● **PAT BOONE**, "For a Penny" (London). Standard. Boone has a ballad with, for him, the biggest selling potential in a long time. Reasons: It has a really strong beat to back-up the sentiment; Boone gets a better sense of feeling into the lyrics.

● **MAURICE CHEVALIER**, "Today" (M.G.M.). L.P. Chevalier shows that he does not need to rely on nostalgia for "warmth or wit. This is a vintage talent that stays fresher than ever. The songs, too, are indicative of an artist who does not settle for second best.

● **MUCHO ROCK**, Rene Bloch and his Orchestra (H.M.V.). L.P. The charms of the cha-cha are waning. But the Latin beat gets a lift from these big band arrangements with a rock flavour.

● **RUBY MURRAY**, "Goodbye, Jimmy" (Goodbye). L.P. A plaintive ballad that could put a needed push into the declining disc career of Miss Murray. The sad, but haunting lyric is just her style.

● **KALIN TWINS**, "Cool" (Brunswick). Standard. The Kalin twins hit the top a year ago, then hit the bottom. They could find the return route with this really catchy rock number.

● **SALLIE BLAIR**, "Squeeze Me" (Parlophone). L.P. Miss

Blair is a new name with the old, smouldering style of Lena Horne to her voice. But she has a dash of individuality, too, and the distinctive.

—(London Express Service).

TOP POPS

by PETER EVANS

● **GEORGE SHEARING**, "Bartered Bride" (Capitol). L.P. Here is a new Shearing sound, blending the distinctive style of the Battersea-born blind pianist with a big brass-powered orchestra. A pleasantly relaxed study in sophisticated rhythm.

● **ROSEMARY JUNE**, "I Used to Love You" (Capitol). L.P. Here is a new Rosemary June sound, blending the distinctive style of the Battersea-born blind pianist with a big brass-powered orchestra. A pleasantly relaxed study in sophisticated rhythm.

● **CLIFF RICHARDS**, "Cliff" (Columbia). L.P. The grueling test of talent—the L.P. Here is a new Cliff Richards sound, blending the distinctive style of the Battersea-born blind pianist with a big brass-powered orchestra. A pleasantly relaxed study in sophisticated rhythm.

—(London Express Service).

A QUICK LOOK ROUND

● **TWO STUDIES IN CRIME**, by William Herbert Wallace (sentenced to death in 1931 for the murder of his wife) was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. Most recent commentators hold that the jury was right, and that Wallace was the murderer.

Mrs Bridges, who shares this belief, asks: "Why was Julia Wallace killed?" With her usual subtlety and persuasiveness, she makes out a case for a psychopathic love-hate relationship which may be the clue. But more valuable than her theory is the admirable way she handles the facts.

No doubts

She prefaces the story with the tale of another, less well-known artist, the brutal murderer in 1940 of Lord William Russell by his valet, Francois Benjamin Couvreur.

There is no doubt in this case about the convicted man's guilt. The connection between the two crimes lies in the strong probability that both murderers were naked when they struck the fatal blows.

—(London Express Service).

A HARD LOOK AT AN ECCENTRIC

THE CASE OF SALVADOR DALI, by Fleur Cowles (Heinemann, 22s.).

SOME say that Salvador Dali keeps his skwerish moustache-antennae erect with Hungarian wax sold in the Faubourg St Honore, Paris, others that it is done with honey, or brilliantine and white-egg.

Dali does not mind what people say, so long as they talk about his moustache.

Some, taking Dali the Surrealist painter at his own value, pay him £13,000 to £15,000 a canvas. Others find his work glossy, slick. Some are repelled by its traumatic implications, others are fascinated.

So long as they argue Dali is satisfied.

Soft carpets

All this, they say, has boosted his sales until he and his wife Gala can live like reigning monarchs of Dali's native Costa Brava and spend five months every year in one of New York's softest-carpeted hotels.

—(London Express Service).

curiosities of our age. His success is a symptom of the hunger for colour of the world's "international set" which provides his patrons and friends.

In this handsome, and in no sense cheap, book, a member of that "set," Fleur Cowles, undertakes a thorough portrait of Dali in places of the Colonies. Former associate editor of Look, now wife of Mr Tom Meyer, of the London Times, she is a friend of the Windsors, the Shah, Danny Kaye, and others.

As Dali, who is 55, grows plumper, his eyes become less soulful while, he claims, his work improves.

Neither he nor his enigmatic Russian-born wife forgets how, when she left her first husband another Surrealist, Paul Eluard, they struggled to live in Paris.

Dali, says Miss Cowles, is still madly enamoured of the "now" of his life. He once said, in his broken English: "Every good painter must marry my wife."

He still paints her in every kind of pose and costume, as well as with lamb chops on her shoulder, blueberries in her hair, skeletal rocks for her pillow.

The book abounds with Dali's pronouncements like: "My favourite perfume? Essence of Dali." "The cauliflower is the base of all art." "I

hate simplicity in all its forms." "The populace—big, the aristocracy—MAGNIFICENT, the middle-class—middle."

His dreams

Without giving her own opinions on his painting, Miss Cowles discusses Dali's purpose, to prove that dreams are the real world.

In paint certain fetishes rule his dreams. For example, he likes ripe and runny Camembert. It reminds him of the "soft watches" he has so often painted. Other fetishes here, listed with their supposed Freudian associations are—

Shoes; crutches; teeth; flies (Dali claims he keeps a private pack of them); rhinoceros horns; sea urchins (his favourite food); gooseflesh; moustaches, of course; and storks.

In his violent youth Dali yielded occasionally to a craving to fling himself downstairs, relishing the resulting bruises. All in all a book that entertains and observes without preaching, sneering, or praising.

POETRY AND PUNCH

COAST TO COAST, Australia Stories chosen by Dal Stevens (Angus and Robertson, 12s.).

WHILE English and American writers seem to become more mannered and inhibited, the Australians are concentrating on describing with "poetry and punch," as Mr Stevens claims for this fine collection, the amazingly varied settings and populace of their virile land.

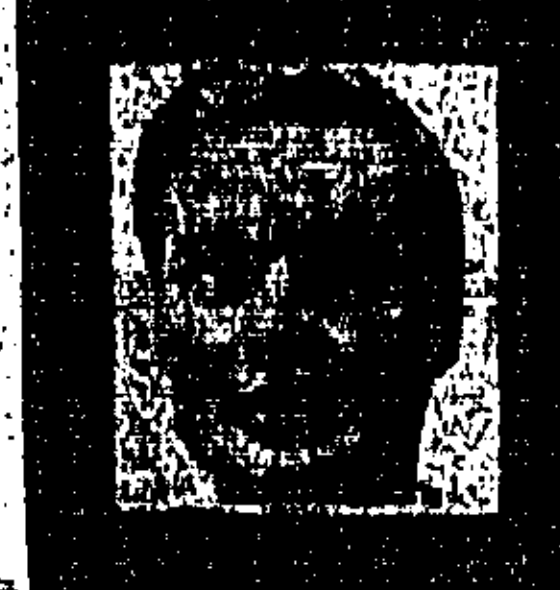
Here we meet a girl who, asked if she is Indian or Pakistani, says: "I am Australian. I will wear a dress like the other girls. I will be the same."

A talking rat gives expert evidence to a coroner and is paid with half a pound of cheese.

Munyarra, an aborigine, travels 1,300 miles from his home between the Timor Sea and the Gulf of Carpentaria to volunteer for facial surgery so that he might return to France as a British agent.

His ears were remodelled, his chin was rounded out with bone taken from his thigh. It hurt. But no false heroics from Mr Longuean. At first he refused to be paraded. Then, after thorough training, he conquered his fear and was dropped near Lyons. Right well

CHINA MAIL BOOK REVIEWS by George Millar



Next door the icon stands above its red lamp. Strong, new people. Strong, willing.

SHARK PRACTICE...

SHARK ATTACK, by V. M. Coppleson (Angus and Robertson, 22s.).

MR COPPLESON, a Sydney surgeon, has made a survey of all shark attacks on men since 1919. He describes many of them in all their horror, and draws his conclusions. They do not occur in cold waters. Although there have been isolated attacks in the Mediterranean—my wife and I nearly witnessed one at Malta a few years ago, and a girl was carried off once from near our anchorage at Corfu—they have been frequent mainly on the east coasts of Australia and the United States, and on the Natal coast.

His charts

From his patterns and charts Dr Coppleson believes that attacks are made by rare rogue sharks, that shouting under water does not scare sharks, and that they attack coloured people as readily as whites.

But why do sharks kill 20 men for every one woman?

MODEST DAGGER-MAN

KNIGHTS OF THE FLOATING SILK, by George Langelaan (Hutchinson, 21s.).

GEORGE LANGLAAN is "English by birth, schooling, tradition," but "Parisian at heart," and bilingual. He was a natural for the Field Security Police at the outset of the last war. One of the last away from Dunkirk, he volunteered for facial surgery so that he might return to France as a British agent.

His ears were remodelled, his chin was rounded out with bone taken from his thigh. It hurt. But no false heroics from Mr Longuean. At first he refused to be paraded. Then, after thorough training, he conquered his fear and was dropped near Lyons. Right well

he did his job, I happen to know, having been in the same outfit.

At last the Vichy police caught him. He crouched from Perigueux prison and across the Pyrenees.

I vouch for the authenticity, as well as the engaging and unusual modesty, of this cloak-and-dagger book. Mr Langelaan is both loyal and discreet. He uses material that might serve for a dozen more phoney war books.

A LOOK AT SOME OF THE OTHERS

● **THE NILI SPIES**, by Anita Enzie (Hosarth, 25s.). The Anzoin family, Rumanian Jews, settled in Palestine, then part of the Ottoman Empire, and during the First World War spied for the British and died for them. A remarkable story about remarkable people.

● **THE CENTRE OF THE GREEN**, by John Bowen (Faber, 15s.). A middle-class pair in Devon have trouble with their two sons. A topical, even typical family. Sharp glances at contemporary England. An amusing and well-written novel.

● **TRIALS OF A TRAVEL COURIER**, by William Honey (Robert Hale, 10s.). A story about coach touring on the Continent, something that, like holiday camps, has always fascinated me because I have not tried it. An agreeable read. Maps would help.

● **BABY FACE**, by Delele Gray (Arthur Barker, 12s.). Baby Face is a murderer, and a sadist, and he is extremely vivid and convincing. But the other people are lifeless by comparison, which is a pity.

● **DARK PILGRIM**, by Franz Venter (Collins, 15s.). A thoroughly good novel from South Africa. It keeps moving and takes no sides. Excellent dialogue.

—(London Express Service).

JACK'S DIARY
BY JACK MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

Yesterday Daddy & I went to a big Department Store to buy a present for Mommy.

BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

It's called a Department Store because if your conduct isn't good they send you home.

Inside they got a Elevator Driver whose a real Show-Off. He kept on bragging about all the presents they got.

3RD Floor. Toasters, knives, silverware & stuff.

But it was lots more fun riding on the Escalator. Which is like a machine that lets you run up stairs without moving any of your feet.

First we went over to where they was selling some lady's under-where. Only we didn't get any.

Then we went to a counter who sold Perfume. (which is the stuff ladies put on to make them SMELL GOOD)

But the Price cost too much money, so we didn't buy any of that ether.

So instead we got Her A Bathrobe, which is good to wear in case you gotta take a Bath. That way you don't get so wet.

Going out was lots of fun as we went through A Revolver Door. They call it that cause if you get it spinning good & fast, it shoots you out in the street.

This morning we gave Mommy the Bathrobe, only it's way too big on her. But I guess she'll grow into it like I do.

ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN

Don't ever try & walk down A Escalator when the steps are walking up stairs, cause you'll never get there.

YOUR FRIEND, JACKY

Visit Hong Kong's New Acoustically Designed

HI-FI Centre

CHEONG MING & CO. 昌明無線電公司

SALES OFFICE AND DEMONSTRATION STUDIO

STEREO OR MONAURAL

- AMPLIFIERS
- PICK-UPS
- TAPES RECORDERS
- GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
- RECORDING TAPES
- RADIOGRAMS
- TRANSCRIPTION TURNABLES
- RECORD CHANGERS
- EQUIPMENT CABINETS
- SPEAKER ENCLOSURES
- AM/FM RADIOS & TUNERS
- TRANSISTOR RADIOS

Cheong Ming & Co. (Hi-Fi Centre), HONG KONG
42, LEIGHTON ROAD.
(OPPOSITE LEE THEATRE)
NEW TEL. 71571

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Calling New Actors For Radio Hongkong

(Broadcasting on a frequency 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

- 12.30 p.m. COMPOSER CAVALCADE. Jimmy McHugh.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
- 1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.30 THE NEWS.
- 1.45 THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 2.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.
- 2.15 Overture from "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (Mozart)—The London Sinfonia conducted by Joseph Krippl; La Chorus (Chorus); Strauss Music (British-Romani); Warwick Brattwaite conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, London.
- 2.30 JUST FOR YOU.
- 2.45 Presented by Bill Deward.
- 3.00 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. "The Bell Room" by Lester Fowler. Based on a story by Edgar Allan Poe.
- 3.30 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
- 4.00 MONOLOGUE.
- 4.15 Presented by Deborah Hurst.
- 4.30 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
- 4.45 Presented by his Grand Orchestra.
- 5.00 UNIT REQUESTS.
- 5.15 Presented by Nancy Wise.
- 5.30 Calling: Royal Army Dental Corps.
- 5.45 MUSIC IN MINIATURE.
- 6.00 THE NEWS.
- 6.15 THE NEWS.
- 6.30 THE NEWS.
- 6.45 THE NEWS.
- 7.00 THE NEWS.
- 7.15 THE NEWS.
- 7.30 THE NEWS.
- 7.45 THE NEWS.
- 8.00 THE NEWS.
- 8.15 THE NEWS.
- 8.30 THE NEWS.
- 8.45 THE NEWS.
- 9.00 THE NEWS.
- 9.15 THE NEWS.
- 9.30 THE NEWS.
- 9.45 THE NEWS.
- 10.00 THE NEWS.
- 10.15 THE NEWS.
- 10.30 THE NEWS.
- 10.45 THE NEWS.
- 11.00 THE NEWS.
- 11.15 THE NEWS.
- 11.30 THE NEWS.
- 11.45 THE NEWS.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

- 8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
- 8.15 WEATHER REPORT & PROGRAMME.
- 8.30 SUNDAY STUNNING SONG.
- 8.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.00 THE NEWS.
- 9.15 THE NEWS.
- 9.30 THE NEWS.
- 9.45 THE NEWS.
- 10.00 THE NEWS.
- 10.15 THE NEWS.
- 10.30 THE NEWS.
- 10.45 THE NEWS.
- 11.00 THE NEWS.
- 11.15 THE NEWS.
- 11.30 THE NEWS.
- 11.45 THE NEWS.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 12.15 p.m. MUSIC MAGAZINE.
- 12.30 THE NEWS.
- 12.45 THE NEWS.
- 1.00 THE NEWS.
- 1.15 THE NEWS.
- 1.30 THE NEWS.
- 1.45 THE NEWS.
- 2.00 THE NEWS.
- 2.15 THE NEWS.
- 2.30 THE NEWS.
- 2.45 THE NEWS.
- 3.00 THE NEWS.
- 3.15 THE NEWS.
- 3.30 THE NEWS.
- 3.45 THE NEWS.
- 4.00 THE NEWS.
- 4.15 THE NEWS.
- 4.30 THE NEWS.
- 4.45 THE NEWS.
- 5.00 THE NEWS.
- 5.15 THE NEWS.
- 5.30 THE NEWS.
- 5.45 THE NEWS.
- 6.00 THE NEWS.
- 6.15 THE NEWS.
- 6.30 THE NEWS.
- 6.45 THE NEWS.
- 7.00 THE NEWS.
- 7.15 THE NEWS.
- 7.30 THE NEWS.
- 7.45 THE NEWS.
- 8.00 THE NEWS.
- 8.15 THE NEWS.
- 8.30 THE NEWS.
- 8.45 THE NEWS.
- 9.00 THE NEWS.
- 9.15 THE NEWS.
- 9.30 THE NEWS.
- 9.45 THE NEWS.
- 10.00 THE NEWS.
- 10.15 THE NEWS.
- 10.30 THE NEWS.
- 10.45 THE NEWS.
- 11.00 THE NEWS.
- 11.15 THE NEWS.
- 11.30 THE NEWS.
- 11.45 THE NEWS.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Radio Hongkong is seeking several new voices from among its listeners to take part in a new radio play.

The play is "Flashpoint" which tells the story of a young naval officer who suffers from a psychopathic fear of explosives and is court-martialled for deserting his post.

Parla available range from the officer's admiral father to the young girl sweetheart who falls in love with him in his hour of need.

If you feel that there may be a part that would suit you, write to the producer, Ted Thomas, c/o Radio Hongkong, and an audition will be arranged.

Hancock Again!

An old favourite takes the air this evening at 9.15.

The steady Victorian residence at 23 Railway Cuttings, the fictional home of Tony Hancock, celebrated wit and raconteur, again becomes the scene of the weekly misadventures of one of Britain's best loved broadcasting clowns.

The ticklish situations into which Sidney James manages to manoeuvre his friend Hancock are, as they have been for the last six years, contrived by the literary team of Alan Simpson and Ray Galton who have been described as two of the most brilliant script writers in the business.

Test Cricket

Thursday sees the start of the second Test match between England and the visiting Indian side.

Commentaries by Rex Aitken, John Arlott and Pearson Burke will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong at 11.15, and ex-Test skipper F.R. Brown and Norman Yardley will be on hand to give

their impressions of the day's play.

Commentaries will also be broadcast at the same time on Friday and Saturday night.

Philharmonic

Last Thursday evening at the Lake View Hall, the Hongkong Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Arrigo Foa, was joined by guest artist Clifford Wilkes, who appeared as soloist in Mozart's Clarinet Concerto.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.



Maestro Hancock plumbs the depths of feeling with Hatfield Jacques (not to mention Sidney James and Bill Kerr) every Saturday evening at 9.15 in "Hancock's Half Hour."

On such points as these we are left at the end of the play to consider our verdict.

The producer is Douglas Cleverdon and it's written for the BBC by Lawrence Kitchen. The Trial of Lord Byron will be on the air at 9.00 on Monday evening.

Castaway

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

He served for a time as secretary of the Royal Automobile Club in Britain, and is one of the few Englishmen to have travelled through Russia in his own car.

Driving a Standard Vanguard, equipped with a Triumph TR3 power unit, his passing aroused a great deal of excitement and interest in the people of that country.

This week's personality in Castaway's Choice is the excellent choice of the Hongkong Tourist Association, Major H.F. Stanley.

Major Stanley served most of his military time in the Grenadier Guards, and was at one time

on Field Marshal (then General) Montgomery's staff in the 21st Army Group.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, JUNE 13

- 7.30 p.m. Kenneth Horne libretto that nothing is "BEYOND OUR KEN". And to prove it Kenneth Williams, Hugh Haddock, Betty Marsden, Bill Pertwee, and Patricia Lancelotti support him in a sort of radio show.
- 8.00 THE NEWS.
- 8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 8.45 THE NEWS.
- 9.00 COMMENTARY.
- 9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 9.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 9.45 THE NEWS.
- 10.00 COMMENTARY.
- 10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 10.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 10.45 THE NEWS.
- 11.00 COMMENTARY.
- 11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 11.45 THE NEWS.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14

- 7.30 p.m. "SUNDAY SERVICE." From Queen's Park West Church, Glasgow (Scotland), conducted by the Rev. William Stewart.
- 8.00 THE NEWS.
- 8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 8.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 8.45 THE NEWS.
- 9.00 COMMENTARY.
- 9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 9.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 9.45 THE NEWS.
- 10.00 COMMENTARY.
- 10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 10.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 10.45 THE NEWS.
- 11.00 COMMENTARY.
- 11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 11.30 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 11.45 THE NEWS.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

MONDAY, JUNE 15

- 7.00 p.m. THE MYSTERY OF A HANBOM CAB. A serial in six episodes by Michael Hardwick based on the novel by Fergus Hume.
- 7.30 THE NEWS.
- 7.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 8.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 8.15 THE NEWS.
- 8.30 COMMENTARY.
- 8.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 9.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 9.15 THE NEWS.
- 9.30 COMMENTARY.
- 9.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 10.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 10.15 THE NEWS.
- 10.30 COMMENTARY.
- 10.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 11.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 11.15 THE NEWS.
- 11.30 COMMENTARY.
- 11.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16

- 7.15 p.m. SCOTTISH DANCE. Lindsay Ross and his Scottish Dance Band.
- 7.30 THE NEWS.
- 7.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 8.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 8.15 THE NEWS.
- 8.30 COMMENTARY.
- 8.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 9.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 9.15 THE NEWS.
- 9.30 COMMENTARY.
- 9.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 10.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 10.15 THE NEWS.
- 10.30 COMMENTARY.
- 10.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 11.00 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
- 11.15 THE NEWS.
- 11.30 COMMENTARY.
- 11.45 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
- 12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Weekend League Lawn Bowls The 'Davids' Face The Giants Today

TAIKOO HAVE BEST CHANCE TO BRING OFF UPSET WIN

Weather permitting, today's lawn bowls league games will provide some grand opportunities for the "Davids" of the various divisions of the competition to indulge in some giant-killing acts, as in most of the games they will be pitted against the top teams.



Catalina
LONDON BY SEVEN

Fascination

Choose an exciting Catalina to enhance your special beauty. Shown—a crisp silk stripe and cotton silhouette, with box-pleated flared skirt, puckered back for maximum flattery. Gold, Turquoise or Plum.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

In the first division, Tarkoo Club seem to have the best prospects of making a big "kill" when they take on Indian Recreation Club "A" at Soakunpoo.

The Indians are still smarting under their 4-1 away defeat by Craigengower last Saturday, while Tarkoo are now on the upward trend after their fine display against Kowloon Dock last week when they narrowly lost by a 3-2 margin.

The dockmen, however, showed last Saturday that playing away mattered little to them, as long as the green is on the fast side. In this respect the IRC should suit them, and if they can master its trickiness early enough in the game, they should be able to give the Indians a good run for all their worth.

Aggressive Play

The Tarkoo No. 1's and No. 2's are fully capable of holding their own against their opposite numbers, and their hopes of a victory will rest mainly on the ability of the Tarkoo No. 3's and especially the "kids" to put in their full share of good woods.

The dockmen may probably find that aggressive play will stand them in better stead than attempts to draw accurately to the jack. Four teams have found out that they cannot outdraw the Indians on their home green.

Recreo "B", who will take on Craigengower on their fast home green at King's Park, are another team fully capable of bringing off an upset victory over their more favoured opponents. Last Saturday, they did it against Kowloon Bowling Green Club and if they can reproduce their best form, a very close finish should be seen with either side capable of winning by a 4-1 margin.

By ROBERT TAY

Craigengower, though an extremely hard team to beat on their home green, have still to show that they can play as well on an away venue. In their two away matches so far, they lost to Recrio and Kowloon Dock, both by 4-1 margins.

Fighting Spirit

Another lowly-placed first division team, who, I believe will acquit themselves well today are the Filipino Club. Last week, in their match against IRC "B", their fine fighting spirit was very much in evidence. Well down in the first half of the game, they staged a grand comeback in the second half to win the match by 4-1.

Their opponents this afternoon are league-leaders Recrio "A", and although I doubt very much if the Filipinos can pull off what would be the biggest upset win of the season, it is unlikely that they will be completely outclassed. They have been practising hard on the KBGC green and the fact that this will be Recrio "A's" first away game should greatly boost up the morale of the Filipino team.

In the remaining first division game, cellar-dwellers Indian Recreation Club "B" will be at home to Kowloon Bowling Green Club. Once again, the KBGC line-up shows a few positional changes, with Eric Liddell taking over as anti-captain the skip's role in one of the fours and M. E. Purvis going to No. 3 for Peter Hughes. It seems to be a workable line-up, except that it is a pity that Purvis has to be taken off from his skip's position, as he has been bowling very consistently so far.

Chances Remote

The Indians missed a good chance of getting into the rut last week, losing to the Filipinos, after taking a big first-half lead. Today, against the much stronger KBGC twelve, the chances of their scoring their first win of the season must be considered very remote indeed, unless Sambo Ramjohn and his men come in with some spectacular high-scoring heads.

In the second division, the best match will be that between league-leading Hongkong Football Club and Kowloon Cricket Club at the Valley, with the home team enjoying not only green advantage but also that of having a slightly superior all-round team. A 4-1 or even 5-0 win for the Football Club seems likely.

Hongkong Cricket Club, who started the season rather indifferently, have come back during the last two weeks with two brilliant victories, and earned for themselves a place among the top five teams in the division. They should be able to give another good account of themselves against the third-placed HKPSA who have also shown improved form lately. This should be another good match with the odds slightly in favour of the HKPSA, who, however, are an unpredictable lot.

In the other two second division games, Filipino Club are expected to have the better of Craigengower at the Valley and IRC "A", after two successive failures should come back into the winning column this afternoon in their home match against USRC.

In the third division games, Kowloon Dock Club are likely to maintain their unbeaten record with a comfortable 4-1 win over CEC at the Valley.

Second-placed HEIC will be given a harder fight by Tarkoo at Police Club, before winning by 4-1 and Stanley Club, playing at home, should keep their third position in the table with a 4-1 score against KBGC.

The Gasps Give A Warning As Russia's Christine Gets Going



Miss Moscow Shows She's Learned A Lot

By HARRY CARPENTER

As in all things sporting, when the Russians set out to do something, they do it well. Four of them were playing lawn tennis well at Beckenham, limbering up for the Kent championships which started there last week.

Limbering up? The way 18-year-old Anna Dmitrieva of Moscow and Andrei Fotanin of Leningrad crack a ball round court, even in practice, deserves a strong phrase.

They came over last year. Their improvement is going to provoke astonished comment at Wimbledon, where they are entered for the singles.

Soviet tennis coach Simon Belitz-Gelman, of the Moscow Institute of Physical Culture, says: "Anna understood her mistakes last year. She has improved her physical education, has undergone athletics, aerobics, gymnastics, and weight-lifting."

Always Cheeso

Miss Dmitrieva, daughter of a Moscow actress, is now a very solid Soviet citizen, with strapping legs and arms, although she is not much more than 5ft 4in.

Like her hefty young male companions, she takes cheeso

RHKGC Supper, Cinema Show Postponed

The Royal Hongkong Golf Club announce that owing to the inclement weather, the Buffet Supper and Cinema Show scheduled to be held at the Deep Water Bay Clubhouse this evening has been postponed.

Best Wishes

Had Anna Dmitrieva been entered for the Wimbledon junior singles (she was runner-up last year) she would surely have won. Luckily for the old to qualify.

Belitz-Gelman ex-Gogles champion of Russia, sees Anna Dmitrieva as the Soviet Christine Truman. He has been mentioning following the Truman triumphs of recent weeks.

He said: "We send her our best wishes and it is possible for Anna and Christine to practice together one day soon we should like that very much."

More Next Year

There are now 70,000 lawn tennis players in Russia. Note Belitz-Gelman's prophecy: "Last year we sent two to England. This year four. Next year it will be an even bigger delegation."

Maybe ex-Wimbledon champion Fred Perry's grip is not so wide of the mark either. He cracked: "There are 128 Wimbledon entries every year. In five years' time the Russians will be filling 128 of them."

Tennis player Anna Dmitrieva is 18. She comes to Wimbledon from Russia. Not for the first time. Last year she was runner-up to American Sally Moore in Wimbledon's junior championship.

Anna shares at least one thing in common with England's Christine Truman. She has a head hitting hard, then hit it hard. The pictures here prove the point.

FOR LEFTY she smashes. FOR RIGHTY she bangs and down the backhand.

He's A Commuting Discus Throwing

By GEORGE RUTHERFORD

THE discus-throwing exploits of Mike Lindsay have won him many prizes, but none so rare as can compare with an air season ticket between London and Oklahoma.

That is what an offer to Lindsay from the British Athletics Board amounts to.

U.S. Scholarship

Hard work, plus talent for field events, has made Lindsay one of Britain's hopes for the Olympic Games. But his appearances at British athletic meetings during the past 18 months have been few, for a very good reason. He is on a four-year scholarship at Oklahoma University. It's worth 800 dollars a year.

The Americans paid his fare out in 1958. A few months later the Scots gave him a return ticket so that he could compete for them in the Empire Games at Cardiff. Then back to his engineering and athletic studies went our husky hope.

Statement

Now comes this statement from Mr Jack Crump in the Daily Telegraph:

"Lindsay, it is understood (the italics are mine), has been invited



by the British Board to spend his long vacation in England, and will be available for the five international events in the season."

Mr Crump should understand. He is secretary of the Board.

The facts are that Lindsay, justly pleased with his athletic improvement while studying with the musclemen of the mid-West, invited himself. He told my colleague Christopher Lucas, in America:

A Good Fling

"I have been doing 171ft. 2in. with the discus and 58ft. 4 1/2 in. with the shot, so I told the Board I would be available if they could pay my way. They apparently held a meeting, then sent me a letter saying they would help me out."

There is nothing in the Board's action that contravenes the rules on expenses. But as a discus thrower Lindsay certainly is having a good fling.

CHRISTINE'S GARDEN IS AS DANGEROUS AS BISLEY

By J. L. MANNING

If you go down Snakes Lane, Woodford Green, Essex, during the next few days don't, whatever else occurs to you, knock on the door of No. 10.

Not just after breakfast, anyway. Because inside is a girl in torment. The hall of No. 10 is a bit too busy for callers. Carpets are rolled back, an old chair ("please don't use the best ones") is propped between the kitchen and dining-room doors, a few house bricks, barbed wire, and a sawn-off broom handle are placed in strange order on the tiled floor and there's a stop watch by the telephone.

Christine Truman is preparing her 6ft and 154lb of bonny girlhood for a Wimbledon victory Britain has awaited since 1937—four years before she was born.

This is her assault course where the motto is "Hard work produces the capability for harder work." So, 30 jumps on and off that chair, raising a 40lb barbell above the neck, trunk bending with a 15lb weight, six press-ups (I hate that part!), high pull-ups with a 55lb barbell, and rolling around the broom handle 18 ins of cord. Oh, yes, I forgot. The cord is tied to three house bricks and three 24lb weights.

Vital Statistics

All this THREE TIMES in eight minutes to beat the clock. Indeed, in seven minutes all last week instead of playing in a tournament at Beckenham with all the other nice girls who will be going on to Wimbledon wishing they had Christine's vital statistics.

These by the way, are 79-201-50-104-57. They mean Christine's best grip is worth 79lb, her back muscles are good for 201lb (three sacks of coal), she can endure 50 trunk curls, do a vertical jump of 104in, and finish up with the calm pulse rate of 57.

Strong? For a tennis player, yes. For an athlete, no. A girl lavelle thrower is used to a 120lb grip, four bags of coal, and twice as many trunk curls. But Christine is more powerful than ever before. It makes dressmaker Teddy Tindling think too: "Every time he pins patterns on me he says 'Keep on altering!'"

But preparing Christine for Wimbledon is no fully-petted, fancy-dandy, what-colour-did-it-just-shed-I-wear-operation. It's strictly an athlete job which Geoffrey Tyson, joint national coach of the Amateur Athletic Association, supervises at the request of Mrs Truman.

(and at my suggestion two years ago). And all part of a career which Mr and Mrs Truman have watched carefully, these sisters and two brothers have followed joyfully coaches and the LTA have shaped to her liking (except for one or two occasions). I must also mention that Staxenger have furnished her with all that a tennis girl could want from four itineraries to racket or two—provided, of course, no one would think she liked Dunlop's better.

These, then, are the technical details. "The build-up of a star, and Christine herself. A warm-hearted and sensible story. No affection, no tantrums, no sophistication, and no illusions. But, think heavens, a sense of humour! You let her teenage air (with a quick look at Mum and Dad to see how she's doing) bubble on with nice little inconsequents.

On The Range

Mr Truman is an accountant with his business plate on the front gate. Alas, his house has become essentially functional in the tennis sense. The back garden is an unadorned grass court with a tennis net across it ("someone gave it to us after the blitz"), Christine stands at one end and smashes service after service, drive after drive, at the back of the house which has chicken wire framed across the French and bedroom windows. The Lardham bricks are a bit more chipped than those on the backhand side, though. Mrs Truman and Little Nell (aged 13) do the feeding, but I reckon the lawn behind No. 10 can be the most dangerous spot outside Bletchley.

Neighbours help, too. There's a sale between the gardens of No. 8 and No. 10. Even Christine drives out at seven past and seven. She has little "ouch" between the feet, and No. 8 pretty soon "ouch" back.

The Trumans have brought up a family of six, and now

have grandchildren who, one day, will swap Christine's autograph for at least six lollies. But has it all meant sacrifices for Christine's sake?

"Not at all," says Mr Truman. "I would have had to keep Christine at school, and if she went to college, she would not have earned anything until she was 22."

Miserable Once

Christine copped in: "I can save a bit on my expenses if I'm careful, but Daddy helps me in the winter when I'm not playing."

"Will you ever turn professional?"

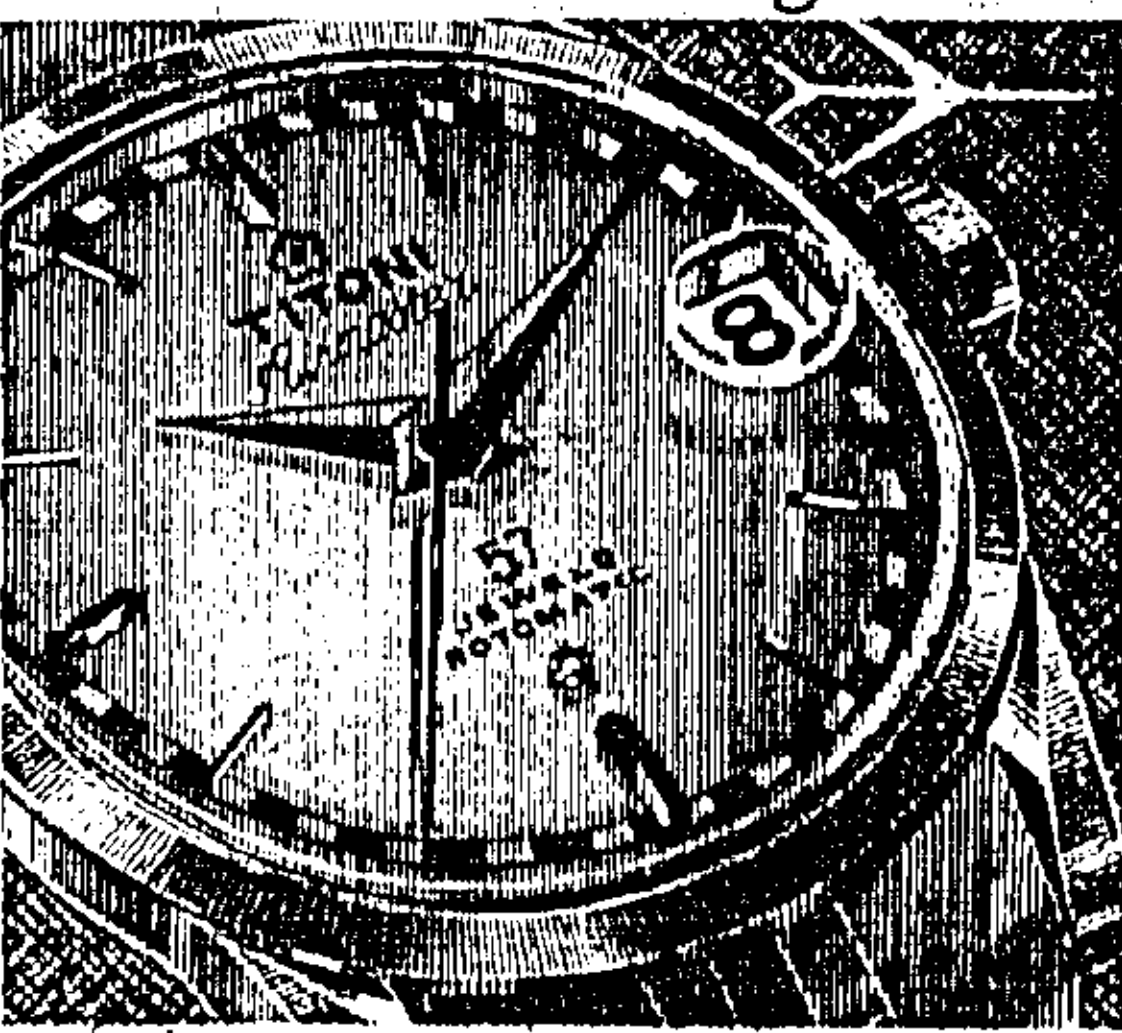
No. I don't think I would like to. I'm not sure. I had won Wimbledon, and was 24. I might give up the game. But at 35 I might want to play again for fun or for my country. I could go on playing until I was 40, but I couldn't do that if I had turned professional, could I?"

Isn't that how you would expect a teenager to talk? I like the Trumans, so that's why I'm digging up no more controversy about the recent fling with the LTA.

EXCEPT TO SAY THIS: IN THE WINTER OF 1937 CHRISTINE CAME HOME IN TEARS AND WAS ALMOST ON THE VERGE OF GIVING UP TENNIS. WHY?

"I just didn't want to be part of a tennis weird. They wanted to give to be all the same. But if I wanted that, I could have played hockey or netball. So I was very miserable. But not any more. She's very happy. And, as she says, she would not have earned anything until she was 22. I think she's quite grown up now."

... Advance styling with classical elegance

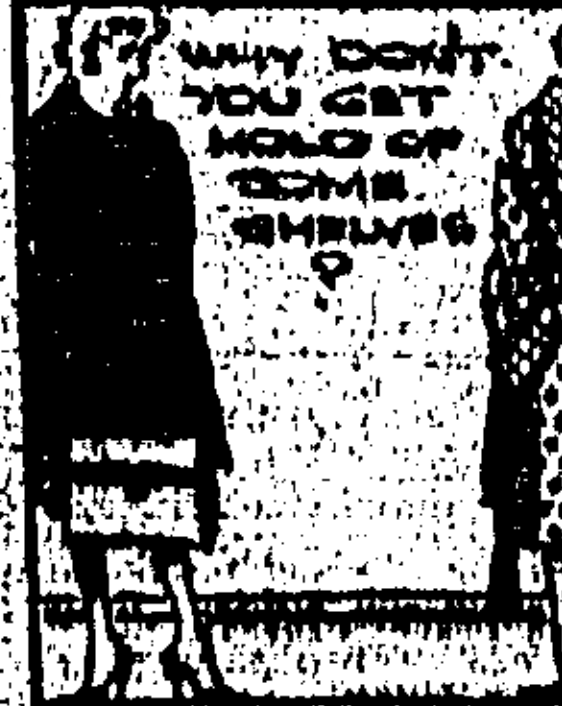


TITONI 57
Airmaster
jewels

... the flattest of all calendar automatic watches

KU HOW SOON CO.
RM. 202, 1ND FL., LOKS YEW BLDG.,
QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL HONG KONG TEL: 27172

POP—Who dun it?



In Germany they say "bier"



In Hong Kong they say Carlsberg

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

*The Eyes Of The World
Are Focussed On
The Far East*

Chinese sport is in the news as never before. Recent happenings in the International Olympic Committee have forced the Far East into the limelight in circumstances which many would have wished otherwise.

Only a poor blind fool believes that in these days sport and politics can be completely divorced from each other. The era of Olympic idealism is past and gone for ever. Today we have to face up to the fact that the march of time works a powerful influence.

Modern man can hardly be expected to change his established conceptions of how something should be done when he sees his working class for his sport. Neither can he change his frame of mind and, whether we like it or not, and whether it is a change for good or bad, the idealism abroad today is very different from that envisaged and practised by the original stalwarts of the Olympic oris.

In spite of the changing influences it is quite remarkable how the long succession of Olympic administrators have managed to maintain a real balance between idealism and materialism. It has often been a difficult task and in the modern world the International Olympic Committee has had to handle some delicate as well as some dramatic situations.

When any committee is confronted with problems of this magnitude they have to invoke a sense of diplomacy in their deliberations for you can be sure that whatever decision they make it will meet with bitter criticism from some quarter or other.

The important thing of course—and it seems to have been conveniently overlooked in some

places—is that the decision by the Olympic Committee was in logical and inevitable. If the ruler of that august body were to be sustained and honoured.

To have allowed the old situation to continue would have undermined the whole structure of Olympic representation and control.

For example organisations in Britain's Olympic Committee on the Isle of Man, an "Australian" body could do likewise in Tasmania; an "American" body could arise in Hawaii and so on. These, however, are all extraneous points from the purely sporting point of view.

The thinking sportsman is probably more concerned about trying to interpret what the whole thing means to

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

places—is that the decision by the Olympic Committee was in logical and inevitable. If the ruler of that august body were to be sustained and honoured.

To have allowed the old situation to continue would have undermined the whole structure of Olympic representation and control.

For example organisations in Britain's Olympic Committee on the Isle of Man, an "Australian" body could do likewise in Tasmania; an "American" body could arise in Hawaii and so on. These, however, are all extraneous points from the purely sporting point of view.

The thinking sportsman is probably more concerned about trying to interpret what the whole thing means to

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



these potential participants who might be able to represent either of the Chinese bodies in the games.

It is this controversial point which is really behind much of the opposition to the Olympic decision to withdraw recognition of the Nationalist body in Taiwan... for once the name

cannot see the Olympic Committee retracting the decision either in toto or in part.

Finally let me say that I put the question regarding the justification of the withdrawal of Nationalist China's recognition to one of our leading sports administrators. He said "The decision just had to be made in order to correct an anomaly which was very obviously not in step with Olympic policy. It has been suggested that the decision to 'expel' Nationalist China was a political one... I believe that accusation would have been more valid had the Olympic Committee failed to take the measures it did. A continuance of the previous set-up could not have been justified by the Olympic regulations... so only political influences could have maintained it. The courage of the IOC—and its fearless yet far-reaching action—should really be applauded for once again it underlines Olympic integrity at the top."

score the greatest Derby victory of all time. As it was, Shantung finished third, and the sporting page of one of the great British dailies carried the headline "The unluckiest favourite you ever saw."

Many bitter things have been said about the 1959 Derby. Whilowashing might be attempted but it is rather sad that at this time when British sport can do with all the encouragement it can get, even the Derby, its administrators, and its participants are being dragged through the mud.

As you will have noticed from several articles appearing in the China Mail the British sportswriters have not yet finished with their "examination" of England's dismal failure in South America.

British football seems to be in real trouble these days. In Scotland's tour of Europe left winger Auld was ordered off in Denmark and star inside forward Law is reported to have been disciplined by his own officials for misconduct on the field. Setters, the West Bromwich Albion centre-half, has been sent home from Canada under a cloud... and now in a sporting magazine comes the saddest cut of all.

In this publication there is a short report that in future every player selected to play for England will be insured for £25,000 (HK\$400,000) instead of the previous figure of £15,000.

That seems fair enough... except it appears under a heading which says "The Price of Ham Goes Up".

How, times change.

The 'Melee'

The favourite this year was the French horse Shantung who in all the usual pre-race publicity was given a great chance to take the Derby trophy out of Britain once again.

At the start of the race there was little to suggest the drama that was to follow but as the horses thundered up to "The Hill" something happened. What that "something" was has not been adequately explained. The outcome however was that Shantung was badly cut about the forelegs and dropped right back to last position in the field.

Other horses also suffered in the 'melee' as it has been described in the press, but Shantung and rider, Fred Palmer still look the opportunity about why they had been nominated to the position of favourite.

In one of the most thrilling runs ever seen at Epsom they flashed past 17 opponents falling only by a few yards to

Twin Qualification

Olympic participation has always been based on a logical twin qualification of birth or family roots within a definite geographical region. On this basis it has long been argued that within the terms of these qualifications no Hong-kong-born sportsman is eligible to wear Taiwan colours unless he has shifted his permanent domicile to Formosa and had qualified by residence or on the strength of the fact that his parents were born and lived there. I know only too well that in stating the case broadly but it is a valid and sound analysis of the situation.

The opposite side of the argument has of course been stated with equal strength and holds that Hong-kong-born sportsmen are eligible only to represent Hong-kong as a birthright... or the People's Republic because in almost every case that is where their family roots lie.

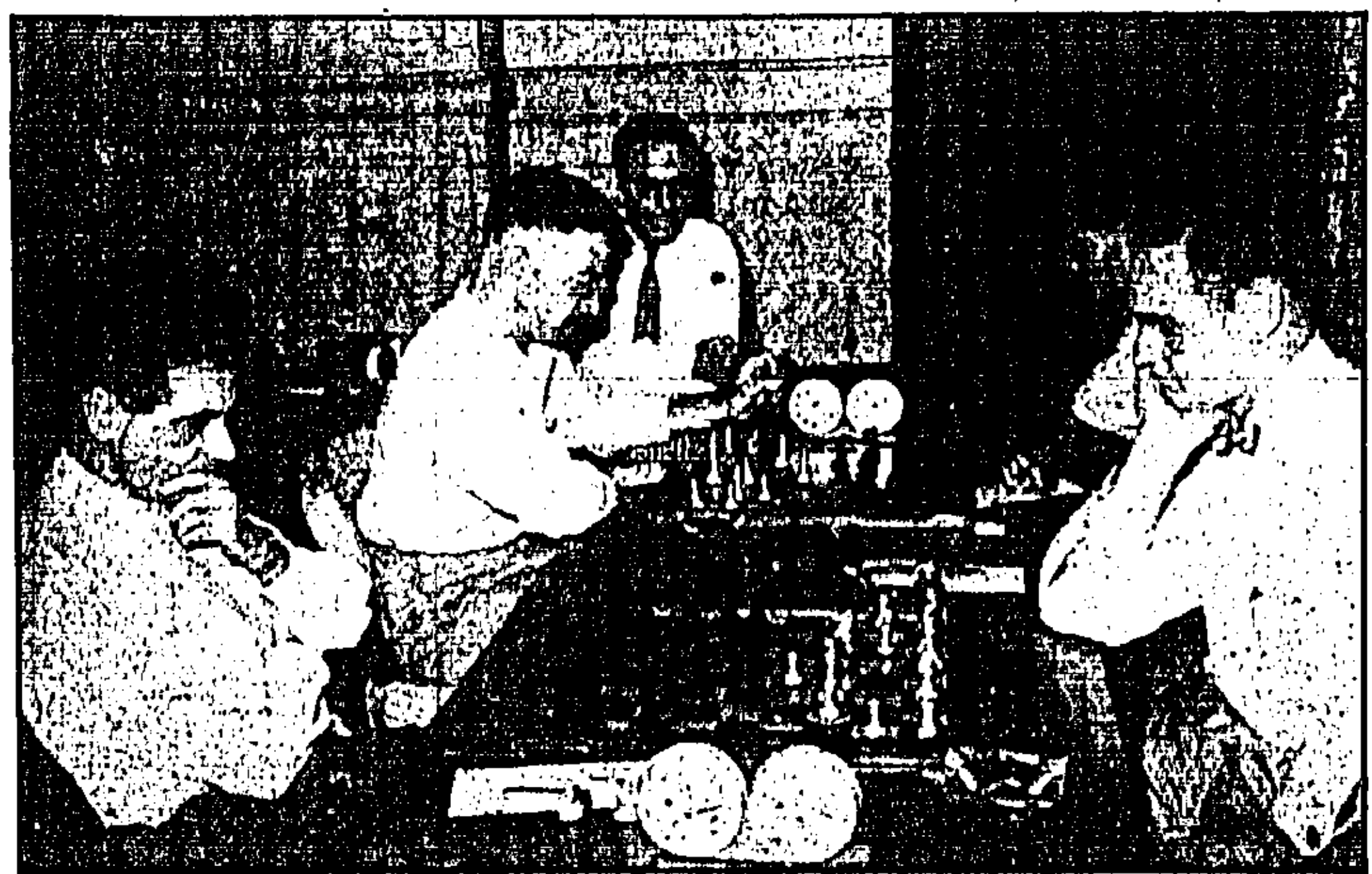
Perhaps now you can see the ramifications of a change of title by the Nationalist Chinese group. As soon as they become Taiwan or Formosa for Olympic participation they lose all call on the Overseas Chinese—including those in Hong-kong—for a Hong-kong-born sportsman with family roots in China is no more eligible to represent Formosa than he is to represent Hungary, Germany, South Africa or the United States of America.

Retraction Unlikely

Now it should be made clear at the same time that the Olympic Committee has stated categorically that it has no wish to exclude Taiwan from participation in the Olympics and that it will give quick and sympathetic consideration to any application from the sports administrators in Taipei provided it is made in a name which does not include the word 'China'.

We are close to the sidelines of the great controversy and, as it concerns the future of many of our best sportsmen, we shall naturally watch developments with great interest... but frankly I

COLONY CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP

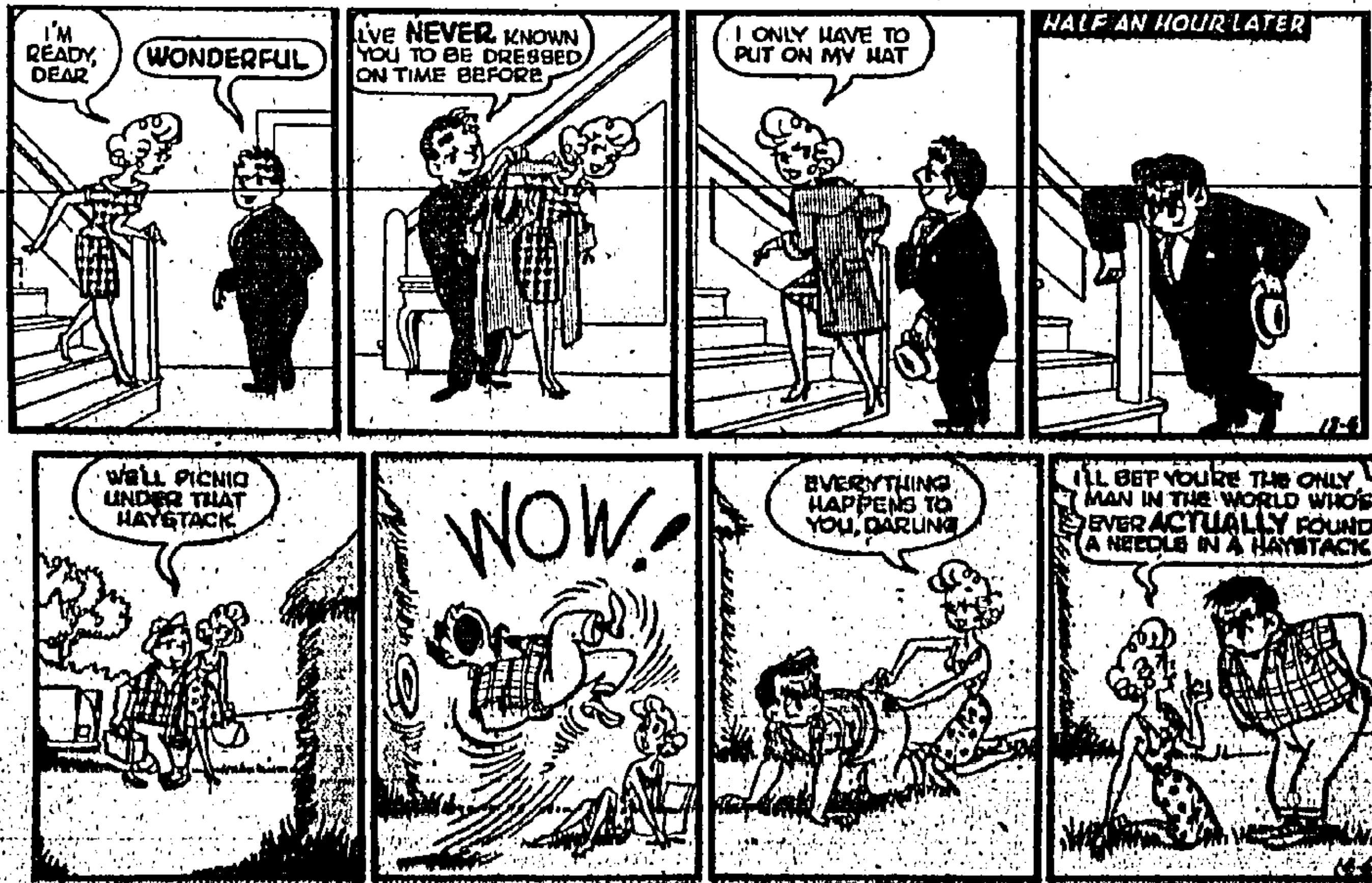


The last and deciding round of matches in The Colony Open Chess Championship were held at the Peninsula Hotel last Thursday.

Photo shows four of the participants in action. In the left foreground is the eventual champion E. Krauk, who beat opponent Tipping, to complete his unbeaten record of 11 wins and two draws in the tournament.

On the next board, runner-up Ko Chi (right) is seen in play against Rees whom he defeated for his 11th point in the championship.—Photo by courtesy of the Hongkong Chess Club.

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



Cooking Problems Solved



COLONY'S SOFTBALL GIRLS TRAINING HARD FOR COMING TAIWAN TOUR

By OLLY VAS

Eight weeks ago you read in this column the names of 17 lady softballers who received invitations from the Hongkong Softball Association to represent the Colony on a tour of Taiwan.

The latest information available is that SCAA's Yim Lai-sheung, one of our top pitchers and two of the University girls will, for various personal reasons, not be joining the team which if no complications arise is tentatively scheduled to leave Hongkong by sea some time during the third week of July.

So far the Hongkong team is down to play five matches. The Taiwanese sides to be matched against our girls are Tso Kong, Ching Shu, Universal, Gloc Son and Wan Hwa Commercial School.

The first three named need no introduction to local softball fans as they have been seen in action at King's Park during their regular trips here. Nothing is known of the other two but if their playing standard is in line with that of the two named our representatives will be in for a rough time.

May Be Dropped

It is by no means certain that 14 girls will don the Colony's colours as those who accepted the invitation to make the tour but subsequently showed scant interest in attending the rigorous training sessions may well find themselves dropped and replaced in any case the three coaches Messrs Bill Silva, Douglas Murray and A. G. Ismail will be conferring shortly with the Taiwan Committee to make the final selection.

Since the names of the players invited were first made public many practice sessions have been held. The training has consisted of the usual batting and fielding practices and base-running with emphasis on physical fitness.

Earlier—the coaches were a trifle worried over the inability of Yim and Frances de Silva, two of the Colony's best pitchers at present, to make the team but Silva reports that Olive Yuen is coming along nicely in the pitch-

Keen As Mustard

As for the rest of the team the three-weekly training periods have been well attended. The girls are keen as mustard and satisfactory progress is being made.

However, knowing perfectly well that the Taiwan teams cannot be taken lightly and time is running short, training is being intensified. The pitching from the opposition is known to be of a very high standard and the local coaches will be concentrating on power at the plate, that is, hitting.

Queried on the chances of the team, Silva, who should know if anybody does, was non-committal except to say that the Colony's representatives would acquit themselves well.

I have seen both the progress reports and the girls themselves in training and I am of the opinion that we might perhaps win one game out of the five. I do sincerely hope they prove me wrong.

However, winning or losing does not matter too much. The important thing is that we are finally going to reciprocate the numerous Taiwan visits. The fortunes (or misfortunes) of Hongkong's team debut in Taiwan will therefore be followed with more than passing interest by the local softball public.

VULCAIN
cricket

This is a high precision wrist alarm which, in spite of its elegant appearance, is designed to stand up to the rigours of any climate. The infallible alarm device will enable you to relax secure in the knowledge that your VULCAIN CRICKET will never let you forget an appointment.

WRIST ALARM

VULCAIN
cricket

Golden Voice

So small...so elegant...so reliable, the ladies' version of the watch with the built-in memory! The miniature alarm is encased in a classically elegant membrane of gold, truly a watch to treasure.

The VULCAIN Century... crowns 100 years of advance in watchmaking science.

Sole Agents: CASBY CO., LTD.
802 WING ON LIFE BUILDING, HONG KONG TEL: 24552

